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"SWEET SUMMER TIME."—BY F. TOLL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

To be in advance of one's age is a fine thing, but it sometimes happens that one has to go back again, which is humiliating. This is what has occurred to the State of Michigan, which nearly fifty years ago "led the van of civilisation" by abolishing capital punishment. It has now discovered that when a man has committed a brutal murder and cannot be hanged for it, he has no scruple in "wiping out" a prison warder or two, since there is no further punishment to be inflicted. This is a plea which I have ventured on more than one occasion to lay before our abolitionists; but as they are none of them in charge of convict departments, it has not affected them. Michigan has also been made the scene of atrocious murders much more frequently than those States which are so "brutalised" as to hang persons for committing them. Certain cantons in Switzerland underwent, a few years ago, the same experience, and, upon finding they were more patronised by murderers than other cantons, similarly repented of their philanthropy. Facts, of course, have no influence upon faddists, but it is strange that our abolitionists should never have offered to put their theory to the test by a personal arrangement which would (if their judgment is correct) involve no self-sacrifice. Let the names and addresses of those who are unwilling that their murderers should be put to death be published, and their views be recognised by the State. Then we should see whether the principle of selection (and one might add "the survival of the fittest") does not hold good in this as in other matters. If it did, neither the murdered nor the murderers would have anything to complain of.

The omission of my name (doubtless through a clerical error) from the Birthday honours did not disturb me, because unless it had been accompanied by a financial endowment a title would in one of my humble circumstances have been out of place. A circumstance, however, has since occurred which makes me regret this mistake of the Government. It now appears that, notwithstanding the absence of a pecuniary grant, a "handle" to one's name may be a source of considerable emolument. In the *Times* of June 5 there appears the following advertisement: "Required, a nobleman or gentleman of title to open exhibition. An honorarium of ten guineas and first-class return from London." There are as many exhibitions to be opened as oysters—indeed, now that that esculent has become so rare, perhaps even more—and this may therefore be considered as a permanent source of income. It is a better thing than being a guinea-pig—a profession which many noblemen and gentlemen of title are compelled to adopt; and then there is the exhibition, waxworks or what not, to be seen for nothing. This new calling, in fact, seems to combine pleasure, profit, and patronage in quite an unusual degree.

If anything "here below" moves the minds of deceased writers it must surely be the voting for the "best authors" in the weekly papers. The hundred best books craze was ridiculous enough, but the persons who gave the recommendations were more or less competent for the task. There is no possible reason why the subscriber to a periodical should know anything more about such a matter than the chance occupant of an omnibus. However, the system has now crossed the Channel, with more amazing results than ever. Of twenty-five best authors, Victor Hugo is decreed to be the first, with Shakspeare a very indifferent third. "The Old and New Testament" (perhaps supposed to be the work of the same individual) "appears between Homer and Montaigne." What rather surprises one, the living French authors in this competition list are almost nowhere, M. Zola being the first, and the twenty-fourth on the list. It is difficult to understand upon what principle the elections are made, since it is impossible, from the absence of all critical comparison, that these "hebdomadal conferrers of immortality" can have read the authors they vote for. Perhaps the editor invents it all, including the number of voters, which he takes care shall be pretty large, out of respect for his circulation.

If I ever become an animal instead of a human being in England, through transmigration or otherwise, I hope I shall be a "domestic animal." The law, it appears, sanctions any amount of cruelty to animals who are not domesticated. Some persons at Tynemouth have been catching wild rabbits in nets, and after confining them in boxes for a week or so, coursing them. The coursing of rabbits, unlike that of hares, means the turning them into a fenced field without the means of escape and setting dogs on them. The people who attend this kind of diversion are, as might be expected, the "lowest of the low," but they know the law. The local justices, while admitting that the rabbits had been "cruelly ill-treated, abused, and tortured," were compelled to admit that these animals, not being domesticated, were unprotected by the statute. Appeal has been made to the High Court, and the Judges have confirmed their decision. Comment, unless it be Mr. Bumble's well-known observation on the law, seems superfluous.

Instead of the Shakspeare or birthday almanacs with which we are favoured in this country, the Russian

orthodox Church published a calendar of the saints for the use of the faithful, "especially adapted for cottage homes." The broadsheet is entitled, "To whom we are to turn for blessings, and when we are to remember them," and is decorated with the heads of the saints. Its injunctions are singularly particular. One would have thought that a saint would have had at least a whole month to himself, but this is far from being the case. On Nov. 1—which surely ought to be Jan. 1, if the calendar is to be of any use—folks are to pray to St. Kisma to learn to read. To persons with whom headache is chronic the information that the prophet John is good against that malady on Aug. 29 will scarcely afford much consolation in the spring. Similarly, it seems but a small blessing that the "Holy Antippe," on April 11 (a possible misprint for April 1), will shield us from toothache. In this country we have willy-nilly been recently placed under the protection of St. Peter, *vice* St. George resigned (though it is doubtful whether, under so unprovoked a slight, he is resigned), but there is at least no restriction as to date of efficacy.

Some English newspapers have been making merry over the details published by an American journal respecting the summer plans of authors, and no doubt to English ears this kind of information sounds queerly enough. In this country we do not much care whether our authors are going for the summer—or afterwards. We prefer to learn from our morning journal which of our royalties went out in a pony-carriage the previous day, or which "walked on the slopes," an exercise, though apparently an acrobatic feat, that has not much excitement about it. If authors ever made their appearance in the Birthday list, which they never do, we might take more interest in them, but that would not be on account of their literary gifts. Still, to some people even in England personal news respecting those who make them forget their sorrows or their pains by pleasant books have a certain interest. In the case of more eminent writers even, details are not unwelcome, especially when they are characteristic. The critic was wrong who asserted it to be mere trifling in Boswell to tell us that Johnson cut—indeed, I fear it was "bit"—his nails down to the quick. One cannot fancy him with long finger-nails—which is fortunate, for they would have probably been "in mourning." Similarly, it is not "contemptible" to tell how a great scholar "studied prostrate on the floor with his books about him." Disraeli the elder, whom no one will accuse of littleness or want of understanding, observes that much is to be learnt from these apparently unimportant *ana*. "How superficial," he says, "is the cry of the critic who exclaims 'Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works'! For my part, I have often found the anecdotes more interesting than the works."

Like Eton boys who are allowed to plead "first fault," dogs, it is well known, are permitted to have their single bite at the fatted calf, or any other limb of man, with impunity. It comes under the "First Offences Act" (canine). The other day, however, one of these "friends of man" was brought up on the rather unusual charge of having taken his mouthful in complete silence. A dog that bites without barking, it was urged by the solicitor for the complainant, was an especially dangerous customer; it proved malice in the offender. Nothing, he said, could be more abominable than a dog who, without the least sign of irritation, thus proceeds to the last extremity. The solicitor is wrong: there is a worse dog still—the dog who, instead of biting, or even barking, when requested to do so, only wags his tail. I once took a house in the country, fortunately for a limited term, but with the option of becoming its proprietor if I found a rural life suitable to my taste. It was a very nice house, in a beautiful district, and in every respect, for anybody who likes the country, an admirable residence—for, say, three weeks. I got tired of it myself in a fortnight, but that is neither here nor there. One of the little drawbacks connected with it was that it was near a large manufacturing town, from which tramps issued, like locusts, consuming not only every green thing, but also strawberries and peaches. One Sunday morning a particularly large specimen presented himself in my garden; he was clothed in rags, but so very insufficiently clothed that it was a comfort to think the female members of my family had gone to church. He was so tall and brutal and insolent that I also rather regretted I had not gone with them. I managed to coax the creature—who reminded me of Hugh in "Barnaby Rudge"—as far as the garden gate, but beyond that he refused to stir. He held very "advanced views," it seemed, on political matters, and said it was as much his garden as mine. Then I addressed him very seriously: "If you do not leave my premises, my good man, it may be a bad thing for you, for my dog is loose and he is a very savage animal: if he were to find you here I should be unable to protect you, for no one can restrain him." This moved him a good deal, though not out of the gate. If Peterkin had only barked at that moment the man would have gone; even if he had not barked, and forborne to show himself, fear might have done its wholesome work; but, as ill-luck would have it, that abominable little animal—which I sometimes carry in my pocket—came frolicking out of the laurels, and, being of a social disposition, and seeing me, as he

thought, with a friend, at once proceeded to fawn on him. "So that's your savage dog, is it, Mister?" said the tramp, with a horrible grin. "Well, to play a joke like that upon a pore man—that ought to be worth half-a-crown to him." And I was very glad to compromise the matter for a shilling.

It has been justly remarked of Mr. Stevenson's books that their attraction is independent of "the interest of the petticoat"; but that is also true, though in a less degree, of the works of Dr. Conan Doyle and of Mr. Barrie. It is curious, indeed, considering the attention that has been given to "the new humour" that none has been paid to this departure from the long-trodden ways of fiction. To be successful without "the petticoat" requires a master story-teller, for it is very like playing at chess without the Queen. The author of "Vanity Fair" called it "a novel without a hero," but a novel without a heroine (and a good deal of her) is a still more audacious innovation. Curiously enough, it is the heroine that lady readers insist upon much more than on the hero: they want to know, alas! all about her eyes, and even her nose, and how she is attired. These items (and especially the last one) are very difficult for the male novelist to describe, but it is very rarely that he ventures to omit them: he knows that if he does so he runs the risk of losing his chief supporters, and of becoming a man's novelist; and there are only a few of us that can afford this. In American novels the petticoat (though always of a most respectable length) is everything, and the males are merely subsidiary. In French novels it is equally prominent, though shorter; yet, curiously enough, the most popular story that ever was written, "Robinson Crusoe," has no petticoat in it, to speak of, at all.

I am always ready to give my cheek to the smiter, not, as is too often the case, as a matter of reciprocity—a sneer for a blow—but in a penitential sense. It is, therefore, with sorrow that I admit the correspondent to be in the right who points out that "Everything comes to him who waits," quoted in last week's "Notes," is not the proper translation of "*Tout vient à qui sait attendre*." He says, "The whole point of the proverb lies in the *sait*." This is surely not quite the case. However, I make no defence: *percarvi*.

Essays are, for their author, a dangerous kind of literature. There is a temptation to set down in them what if good is not new, and what if new is not good. Because they are his own reflections he fancies that he is their originator, and, even if he has originated them, his self-esteem attributes a greater value to them than they possess. Hence, an old literary hand fights a little shy of essays. This is still more the case if they are on serious subjects, when he shrewdly suspects that they have a close similitude to sermons. Some apprehensions of this kind will perhaps be aroused at first sight of the volume called "Philistia: Essays on Church and World." But some of it is interesting reading. The chapter entitled "The Dangerous Years" is especially noteworthy. "In the average modern pulpit it is the 'young man' who is perpetually being gone for: the dangers which beset the third decade of human existence are set forth with wearisome iteration. It is like the *mauvais pas* in our Alpine ascent, and, once across it, our guides assure us all will be straight sailing. . . . A sermon to men of forty-five is one we never hear of." This may partly be accounted for by the fact that it is they who pay the pew rents, and would very much resent the lecture which they are pleased enough to hear administered to their sons. But, if the truth were told, our author is probably right in supposing them, as regards peccadilloes of all kinds, more deserving of censure than their offspring. At all events, he makes out a strong case in depicting the years of maturity rather than those of youth as the dangerous years. Business defalcations and breaches of trust are notoriously, in the main, the works of maturity, but domestic catastrophes are also more numerous during this period. The influence of the wife is often dependent on her personal attractions, and when these have fled there are none of the safeguards for the husband which surround the youth in the advice and warnings of parents and friends. After forty there are few men over whom anyone can claim to exercise a moral authority or have power to enforce it. Moreover, in maturity they are possessed of pecuniary resources, denied to them in earlier years, which enable them to indulge in vice. It is also the period of cynicism, "when the seamy side of things is revealed, and hopes deceived and promises broken have brought bitterness to the spirit." These views are novel, so far as I know, but not less true because they are diametrically opposed to popular opinion.

A clergyman, we are told, has just developed what science seems inclined to hail as a new disease—a "phenomenon of unconscious existence." He describes himself as feeling, when preaching, that "he had never left the pulpit since the previous Sunday." This may be a novel experience so far as the preacher is concerned, but I have known members of a congregation, during a protracted discourse, entertain an apprehension that their pastor might possibly not leave the pulpit till the ensuing Sunday.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The spectacle of the Irish benches deserted save for the sentinel form of Mr. Clancy has been one of the surprises of the Home Rule debate. It recalled the historic time when Mr. Parnell was standing at bay in Committee-Room No. 15. Then the Irish party was rent in twain by the momentous question of the leadership. Now the question was whether the Nationalists should lose the Parliamentary services of Mr. Sexton. Cool, alert, never explosive, and never imprudent, Mr. Sexton seemed the last Irishman to raise a storm at a critical juncture. But whether his reasons for tendering his resignation were good or bad, his colleagues spent a whole day discussing them in Committee-Room E, and in the meantime, though the Parnellites took no part in this struggle, Mr. Clancy was the one conspicuous representative of his country watching the progress of the Home Rule Bill. It was a responsible position, and Mr. Clancy was quite equal to it. He made a vigorous speech; he interrupted Mr. Goschen with a rough retort; but, above all, he exhibited that faculty of self-suppression which has distinguished the Irish tactics since the debates on the Bill began. Again and again has Mr. Chamberlain striven to lure the Irish members into incautious utterance; and again and again have his wiles been foiled. Perhaps the Irishmen who were absent in Committee-Room E were making liberal amends for this stern discipline. But Mr. Clancy, at all events, was true to the new tradition, and resisted provocation with a more than Spartan fortitude.

When the Nationalist members returned, there were no outward signs of the conflict which had raged for hours. There was even an exuberant cheerfulness, manifestly disappointing to the spectators, who seemed to think that Mr. Healy ought to have come back in bandages. Some perturbation in Mr. Healy's spirit was disclosed at the subsequent sitting, when he abruptly ended a speech in the middle of a sentence because there were cries of "Question." Time was when the genial member for North Longford would have treated such interruptions with playful railery; but on this occasion he sat down in offended majesty. His unfinished contribution to the debate was described by Mr. Chamberlain, as "a noble torso." The success of this jest encouraged the member for West Birmingham to try once more to "draw" the Irish benches by the familiar process of reading bygone speeches which he keeps in a little black book. As two or more can play at this game, I sometimes wonder why Irish members do not also keep little black books composed of extracts from Mr. Chamberlain carefully indexed. But though he trailed his coat, and positively shook it in their faces, the Irishmen contented themselves with a few genial interjections, and not one of them rose to reply. Mr. Healy recovered his spirits so far as to cry "Second-hand!" when Mr. Balfour said the Prime Minister always pictured the future Irish Parliament as an "angelic assembly." The retort was an allusion to Mr. Balfour's dutiful acquaintance with a speech delivered by Lord Salisbury at a public meeting the night before. Presently Mr. Healy interposed again with the suggestion that the Opposition should move an amendment to prohibit the Irish Legislature from legalising cannibalism. Mr. Balfour is not easily disconcerted, and he took no notice of the gibe; but his gravity was quite upset when Mr. Gladstone joined in the thrust and parry. "I challenge the right honourable gentleman to get up and deny it," said the leader of the Opposition impressively, after hazarding a statement about Mr. Gladstone's theological opinions. "I deny it without getting up," replied the Leader of the House, amid a burst of hilarity which made it difficult for Mr. Balfour to compose his features to that ex-official solemnity which befits his position.

All this probably indicates that the House was not in a serious mood. It had been so completely staggered by the sudden onslaught of Mr. Mellor on the remaining amendments to Clause 3 that it could not apply its mind soberly to business for the rest of the evening. Mr. Mellor's feat will long be remembered. Here was the House of Commons labouring at the clause which had occupied more than a fortnight, caused something like a revolt among the Radicals against the patience of the Government, and encouraged some Unionists to hope that the Bill would never get through Committee at all. But Mr. Mellor—mildest and meekest of men—had come down on this particular day with a great resolution. At an opportune moment he rose, and proceeded to race through nearly two pages of amendments, ruling them all out of order. Down they went like ninepins! And on rushed the Chairman without taking a breath. The amazed Committee could not believe their ears when they heard him say, "The question is that Clause 3 stand part of the Bill." There was a faint murmur of assent from the Ministerial benches, but the Opposition sat dumb. In a twinkling the much-vexed clause was carried, and the irresistible Chairman was making havoc among the amendments to Clause 4. Seven of them

succumbed, and then Mr. Mellor halted at a proposal which happened to stand in the name of Mr. Harry Foster, who, in quavering accents, confessed that he was quite unprepared with a speech, a misfortune which was hailed with approving shouts from the Home Rulers. For some time the House eyed Mr. Mellor with manifest apprehension. With true modesty he appeared to be quite unconscious of his marvellous performance, but there was visible dread on the Opposition side that he would break out again. Some Ministerialists, I believe, nursed a wild hope that he would add all the clauses to the Bill, report it, and calmly remark, "The question is that this Bill be read a third time." Though he did not go so far, Mr. Mellor established a firm conviction in the minds of honourable members that he is perfectly able to do without breath, like a fish under water.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE SIR JOHN HUDSON.

The death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Hudson, K.C.B., who had only recently succeeded the late Sir James C. Dormer as Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, is especially pathetic. His predecessor, as will be remembered, died some weeks ago from injuries received from a tiger;



Photo by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street.

THE LATE SIR JOHN HUDSON, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN BOMBAY.

Sir John Hudson has succumbed by being thrown from his pony, which suddenly stumbled while the General was trotting past the Gharipore Barracks. Sir John was within a few days of his sixtieth birthday, and had had a military career extending over forty years. As an Adjutant in the 64th Regiment he served through the Persian Campaign, 1856-57, afterwards joining General Havelock in India, and assisting at the first relief of Lucknow. In Abyssinia, Afghanistan, and the Soudan he also saw much service. On his return to India he commanded a brigade of the Bengal Army from 1886 to 1888, and subsequently the Quetta division of the Indian Army and a first-class district of the Bengal Army. The funeral of Sir John Hudson took place at Poona on June 10 in the presence of 5000 troops.

ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION BAZAAR.

Whitehall last week had an unwonted aspect of animation, owing to the fashionable equipages which were constantly conveying visitors to or from the great bazaar which was being held in aid of the Royal United Service Institution. On Tuesday, June 6, the streets in the neighbourhood of the future home of the Institution were thronged by spectators, who had the unusual satisfaction of seeing in brilliant sunshine and under happiest conditions a royal procession as well as a host of distinguished personages. First came the Duke and Duchess of Teck with Princess May, the centre of attraction; next the Duke and Duchess

of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian and their daughter, and Prince Louis of Battenberg. The far-off sound of trumpets, followed by "God Save the Queen," heralded the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, and the Duke of York. The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone being completed, the royal party proceeded to the bazaar, and for a short time actively participated as buyers and sellers therein. They then took tea in the Indian Pavilion, and afterwards departed. On the following day the bazaar was opened by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and once again there was a large and fashionable attendance, including Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Lord Brassey. One of the specially attractive stalls was Lady Jephson's collection of books, some of them containing autographed inscriptions by their writers. On Friday Princess Christian opened the bazaar, and engaged for some time in selling at the stall of the Royal Artillery and Engineers. On the final day there was a very large attendance, and it is hoped that a total sum of £1500 may remain for the benefit of the institution. The unremitting energy of the honorary secretary, Captain Holden, as well as the activity of the committee, whose portraits we give, have contributed largely to the success of the bazaar.

The stall-keepers shared in the enthusiasm created by the constant presence of members of the royal family, and carried out their duties with courageous indifference to fatigue and the sultry atmosphere. The Indian Princes and their suite were considerably amused and interested in the modern English example of a bazaar, the form of which in their own land is so entirely different.

The programmes at the Royal United Service Institution Bazaar were exceptionally attractive, many well-known singers kindly appearing. Madame Belle Cole, Miss Carrington, Miss Hilda Wilson, the Field-risher Quartet, Miss Sybil Palliser, and Mr. Arthur Roberts were among those who contributed to the success of the musical section of the bazaar.

THE "MOTHER CONVENT OF AMERICA" BURNED.

A bald telegram from Montreal announces "the destruction by fire of the Convent of Villa Maria, insured for 100,000 dollars, damages assessed at 1,000,000 dollars. Nuns and pupils all safely removed." This is, in a way, as important as the burning of the Toronto University a few years back. Villa Maria was no ordinary convent. The palace occupied by the Governors-General when Montreal was the capital formed only an insignificant part of it. The sisters added immense piles of buildings. The convent proper was built to receive 1000 nuns and 300 pupils; but those accommodated in it formed only a small portion of the sisterhood. It was built on the slopes of Mount Royal, commanding a view of the St. Lawrence as far as the White Mountains, on the other side of the boundary, to emblematised its ramifications all over Canada and the United States, it having no less than 106 Daughters' Houses in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, Illinois, New York, &c., containing 1000 nuns and 25,000 pupils. The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame have not always been housed in the magnificent collegiate buildings of red brick in the illustration. Until recently the Mother House of the community was in St. Jean Baptiste Street, with the chapel, entered by an archway from Notre Dame Street, upon the site of the church erected in 1693 by the foundress. The building just burnt down included a nunnery with sufficient accommodation for all the nuns in the order, besides a boarding school, church, &c., the pleasant theory being that whenever the sisters were worn out with work they should come to the Mother House for rest, and that there should be space for all to come together if necessary. The school was the most celebrated ladies' school on the continent, Protestants as well as Catholics from all parts of the United States and Canada coming to it. The church was notable even in Montreal, "the City of Churches" of the New World. It was in the Byzantine style, with a dome 165 ft. high and 34 ft. in diameter over the high altar, with western towers 160 ft. high. The church was 300 ft. long with a high altar standing midway in the nave to divide the nuns from the general public; it had a beautiful rose window and its proportions were most harmoniously designed. There was a fine hall, used for speech-days and the like, in which the Comte de Paris was officially received when he visited, in 1890, the institution founded, under the protection of his ancestors, in 1653 by Marguerite Bourgeois, who gave all her property to the poor and came out to Canada with Maisonneuve on his second voyage to establish an institution for the education of the female children of the settlers and Indians alike. The interior was to have been adorned with frescoes of her visions and labours among the poor French and savages in the hardships endured by the early settlement in that rigorous climate. Anyway, it is better that the magnificent new buildings were destroyed rather than the venerable buildings in St. Jean Baptiste and Notre Dame Streets, where an old chapel still exists, built under the eye of the good sister herself, whence, for two hundred years, the movements of the whole community were regulated. Happily, the work of Marguerite Bourgeois is beyond the reach of fire, though the noble building on Mount Royal, which rivalled the great Laval University in completeness, is no more.

Sir A. Jephson.

Sir G. Chubb.

Colonel A. Lonsdale Hale.

Sir Augustus Webster.

Captain Holden.



Captain Malton.

Lieutenant Malthy.

General G. Erskine.

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

Sir G. Willes.

Lieut.-General Goodenough.

Captain S. M. Eardley-Wilmot.

THE BAZAAR AT THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, WHITEHALL: THE COMMITTEE.



AN INTRUDER.

L I F E - B O A T S A T U R D A Y A T L E E D S .

A remarkable public demonstration took place in Leeds on June 10 on behalf of the funds of the National Life-boat Institution. It was remarkable in its inception, in the enthusiasm it created among all classes in the city, and in the spectacular and financial success with which it was



THE MAYOR OF LEEDS (MR. ALDERMAN WARD).

carried through. The appeal issued by the secretary of the Life-boat Institution in August 1891 bore good fruit in Yorkshire. About that time Mr. H. J. Palmer, the editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, was paying a visit to St. Anne's-on-the-Sea, and the sight of one of the most pathetic memorials ever erected to British heroism—the St. Anne's Memorial, which was erected in memory of the life-boat men who lost their lives in a gallant attempt to rescue the crew from a wreck off Southport in 1866—so stirred his blood that he wrote a

the demonstration on Saturday. The preliminary details were settled by public meetings called by the Mayor of Leeds (Alderman Ward), who was elected President, the Vice-Presidents including the Right Hon. W. L. Jackson, M.P., Mr. Gerald Balfour, M.P., Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., Mr. J. Lawson Walter, M.P. (all members for divisions of the city), Sir Edwin Gaunt, Sir George Irwin, the Rev. Canon Talbot, the Very Rev. Provost Browne, and many other influential citizens. The scheme was carried through to success by an executive committee, of which the chairman was Mr. H. J. Palmer, and the acting secretary Councillor Charles Wilson. In addition to this organisation, a Ladies' Auxiliary Council, with the Mayoress as president, Mrs. Barrs as hon. sec., and Mrs. H. J. Palmer as hon. treasurer, proved of the greatest service in collecting subscriptions. The press of the city furthered the movement; collecting-sheets were circulated in factories, workshops, and business houses, the solicitors, accountants, architects, and friendly societies made special collections, and nearly every licensed victualler in the city placed a life-boat box on his premises to catch the stray pence of his customers. So much for the preliminaries, which evoked a hearty sympathy seldom surpassed. The demonstration itself was favoured with fine weather, excursions were run from the neighbouring towns, and the streets were packed with enormous crowds. The procession, which was first grouped and photographed in front of the Townhall, included two life-boats and three crews. The Worcester Cadet has seen twelve years' service at Brighthelm Grange, Isle of Wight, the most thrilling incident in its service being the rescue of the crew of the *Siren*, which stranded on Atherfield Ledge in 1888. The life-boat made several hazardous journeys, and rescued the whole of the crew, but she was once capsized, and four persons—the coxswain, assistant coxswain, and two passengers—were drowned.

The other boat was the *Catherine Swift*, whose gallant part in the landing of nearly four hundred people from the *Eider*, stranded on Atherfield Ledge in 1892, will ever be remembered. The bronzed crews who manned the boats at Leeds on Saturday are no less famous. The Scarborough men have a distinguished record of life-saving, and their coxswain, John Owston, holds the silver medal of the institution. Of the Whitby crew the most conspicuous figure was Henry Freeman, the coxswain, who is the sole survivor of a disaster that swept away the rest of the crew of an ill-equipped private life-boat at Whitby in 1891. He holds the silver medal and the second service clasp, the latter for a gallant rescue of twenty-two lives from four vessels in one night. The Grimsby crew volunteered their services at the demonstration as cheerfully as they do their lives



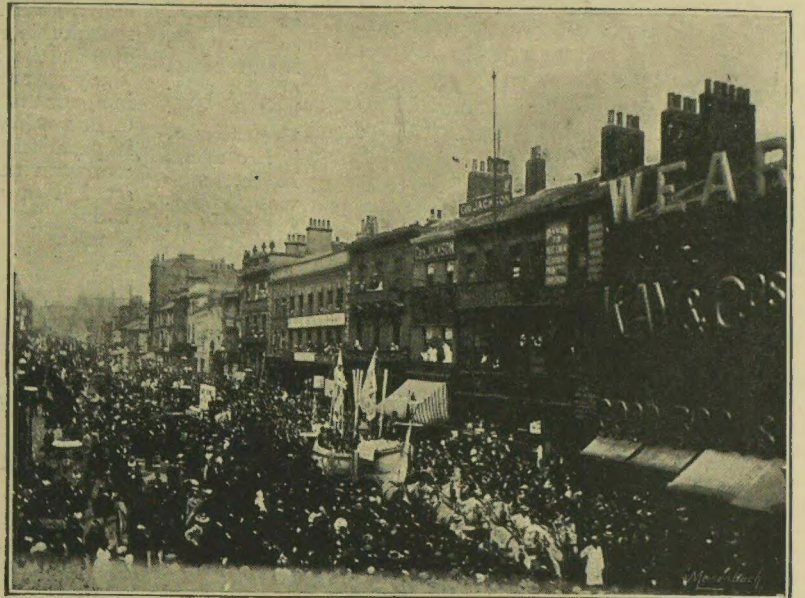
A DUMB COLLECTOR.

forcible appeal to Yorkshire in the columns of his influential paper. The generous response was characteristic of the broad-acred county. In less than three weeks over £3500 was contributed by all classes of people. Rich men sent their cheques, collections were made in every factory and workshop, and the poorest of the poor sent in their mites, with many touching letters of sympathy with the movement and of admiration for the storm-warriors of our coastline. The *Yorkshire Post* appeal had a far-

reaching influence. It was reprinted for the subsequent Life-boat Saturday held in Manchester for the first time, and it induced Sir William Leng to institute a similar collection in the columns of his Sheffield newspaper. The subscribers to the National Life-boat Institution in Leeds have always been generous, but it was felt that a periodical collection on a popular basis was necessary to get at the pence and the shillings of the multitude. Hence

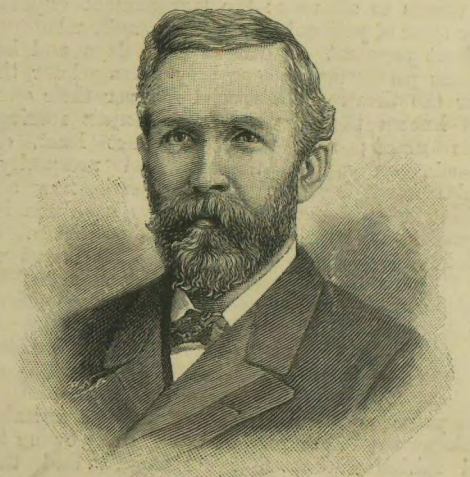
MR. COUNCILLOR BRINDLEY,
CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMONSTRATION COMMITTEE.

reach of the fund. The sight of the crews in their scarlet caps, blue guernseys, and cork belts aroused hearty cheers, and the carts bearing the legend, "Throw your money in the lurry," received showers of copper and silver. Among the people 150 collectors rattled their boxes and canvassed for support, and the windows were reached by men with pole-purses. It was touching to note in the poorer parts of the city how willingly the people gave. In many places tiny children stood ready with their pennies for the boxes. The total result is expected to reach several thousand



COMING DOWN BRIGGATE.

Teal also sent a St. Bernard dog to perambulate the city with a box—an appropriate use of an animal traditionally associated with the rescue of life. At one o'clock the procession moved from Victoria Square through the central streets of the city, and made a wide circuit in the east end to Roundhay Road, and returned to the Townhall, after a four-hours journey over about seven miles of streets. The whole of the route was packed with sightseers, and the windows of the business establishments and private houses were let off for the

MR. H. J. PALMER,
CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

benefit of the fund. The sight of the crews in their scarlet caps, blue guernseys, and cork belts aroused hearty cheers, and the carts bearing the legend, "Throw your money in the lurry," received showers of copper and silver. Among the people 150 collectors rattled their boxes and canvassed for support, and the windows were reached by men with pole-purses. It was touching to note in the poorer parts of the city how willingly the people gave. In many places tiny children stood ready with their pennies for the boxes. The total result is expected to reach several thousand



SOME OF THE WHITBY CREW.

pounds. On Saturday morning Colonel Gascoigne, of Patrington, near Leeds, who generously supported the *Yorkshire Post* appeal in 1891, handed over a cheque for £500 towards the fund.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Thomas William Keith, who has just retired from the India Office after forty-eight years' service, was born at Highgate in 1828, and was educated at Highgate School. He is a grandson of the celebrated mathematician, Thomas Keith, who was professor of science to Princess Charlotte of Wales. His father and uncle having each obtained high rank at the old India House, he was himself appointed to a clerkship in the same office in 1845. For the first three years he served in the Accounts Department under Mr. Thomas Love Peacock, another of whose assistants at this time was Mr. John Stuart Mill. In 1848 Mr. Keith was transferred to one of the three branches of accounts, which, in 1860, were amalgamated; in 1879 they were all placed under him as Accountant-General. He now retires under the operation of the "age clause" of the recent superannuation order of the Queen in Council. The close of Mr. Keith's official career was marked by the presentation to him of a Louis Seize clock and candelabra, with a handsome ring for Mrs. Keith, subscribed for by nearly two hundred members of the India Office.

The present Director of the Comédie Française, M. Jules Claretie, has not only proved himself an admirable theatrical manager, but a rarely tactful and intelligent man of the world. The man to whom is temporarily confided the care and direction of the Maison de Molière has to be all things to all men: the Government expects him to steer clear of political plays; the *peuple*, who are admitted without payment on certain high days and holidays to witness performances especially arranged for them, consider the theatre in a special manner their own, for it is well known that the Théâtre Français receives a large State grant; and then, last not least, come the *abonnés*, on whom the material prosperity of the establishment depends. Jules Claretie, now a pleasant-looking man somewhat over fifty, has been in his day journalist, novelist, playwright, and politician. Under the Third Empire he was one of the most brilliant writers on the *Figaro* staff, and was an intimate friend of the unfortunate Victor Noir, who was, it will be remembered, shot by Prince Pierre Bonaparte. It would be impossible to give anything like a complete list of his writings. Suffice it to say that he has published over thirty volumes of history, biography, and fiction. Although in strong sympathy with young and modern authors, he has a veritable love for Shakspeare and Molière. It was entirely owing to his wish and initiative that first "Hamlet" and then "The Taming of the Shrew" were so finely interpreted, and have become household words in the Paris of to-day.

Mlle. Reichemberg may be said to be in some ways the Ellen Terry of the French stage. A niece of the celebrated Madeleine and Augustine Brohan, she entered the Comédie Française under the happiest auspices, and made a brilliant début, at the age of sixteen, as Agnès in Molière's "L'Ecole des Femmes." For many years Mlle. Reichemberg created the *ingénue's* rôle in every old and new repertoire of the Théâtre Français, and was made a Sociétaire at the unusually early age of one-and-twenty. United in her are found the soundest traditions of the theatre, of which she and her family have almost become a part. She is said to be one of the most intelligent and valuable members of the Reading Committee; and she has helped many an unknown dramatist to get his work produced, if not at the Française, then at some other theatre. With the exception of Ophelia, she has seldom essayed a tragic rôle, for, like her famous aunts, she possesses to a singular degree the gift of humour.

An Indian prince on the cricket-field earning the applause of the most critical of crowds by his brilliant batting is a spectacle sufficiently novel to awaken the sympathy of all who have a spark of interest in either the vast Empire from which the player comes or in the great national game which is so characteristic of England.

Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji, whose excellent achievements in the Cambridge University Eleven have led to his obtaining the coveted honour of a place in the annual inter-University match, is a Rajput prince of Jareja descent and a relative of the reigning Prince

of Jamnagar. After study at Rajkumar College, in Rajkot, he came to England in 1888, and two years later he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1891 he had by his cricketing prowess won his college colours, and at the end of the season his average was fifty-four runs. In addition, he is an excellent player at tennis and racquets and a good shot. Mr. Ranjitsinhji has this season had remarkable success with the bat, scoring 58 and 37 (not out) in the match against the Australians on June 10. Many years ago the Prince of Wales occasionally took part in a game of cricket at the Oval, while the sons of Prince Christian have constantly gained honours in the game. It is peculiarly appropriate that in these days when the "crimson thread of kinship" is, happily, a popular idea an Indian prince should play for an ancient English University in the year when the Imperial Institute was opened.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Window and Grove, Baker Street, for the portrait of Mr. T. Keith; to Mr. Donald MacIver, of Leeds, for that of Mr. Councillor Brindley; to Mr. Heslop Woods, of Leeds, for that of the Mayor of Leeds; to M. E. Pirou, of Paris, for that of M. Saint-Saëns; to M. A. Ferrario, of Milan, for that of Signor Boito; and to M. N. Raschkow, jun., of Breslau, for that of Herr Max Bruch.

MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS AT RICHMOND.

To Richmond and certain of its royal inhabitants a good deal of attention has lately been directed. It was, therefore, peculiarly appropriate that the Duke of York should perform the ceremony of opening the new municipal buildings which Richmond has erected so speedily after the conferment of the honour of being included among the boroughs of England. The loyal inhabitants received the royal party not as visitors but as neighbours, when the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess May, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of York made their appearance in Richmond on June 10. With a silver-gilt key the Duke of York unlocked the door, and entered the Council Chamber, where he was presented with an illuminated address. His response was brief. Other speakers were the Duke of Cambridge, Sir J. Whittaker Ellis (in whose mayoralty the buildings were commenced, on a site which was his gift), the Right Hon. G. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., and Sir Richard Temple. An old lady was extremely indignant at being prevented from presenting Princess May and the Duke of York en route for the municipal buildings with a patchwork quilt and a pair of worsted stockings—both her handiwork—as wedding presents respectively. The buildings are of red brick and white stone, and have a tower from which the chimes sound pleasantly. They stand at the corner of Whittaker Avenue, and are an undoubted honour to the enterprise of Richmond, which to its many memories of Princes of Wales may now add the recollection of the official act of the Duke of York at so auspicious a moment in his career.

MUSIC.

It is a pity that Madame Armand, who is undoubtedly a singer and actress of exceptional ability, had not the chance of making her London début as Fides, a rôle in which she has earned no little fame since she has been at the Brussels Monnaie. Meyerbeer's music could hardly fail to suit the new contract better than that of Léonore in "La Favorite," the *tessitura* of which requires a mezzo-soprano with a tolerably extended compass, in order to avoid that suspicion of frequent strain which was the only drawback to the perfect vocal success of Madame Armand's assumption. Her reception was eminently favourable, and we congratulate Sir Augustus Harris upon having secured an artist so well calculated to render him useful service. Another time, however, the impresario will not need to give the whole of Donizetti's opera in addition to "Cavalleria Rusticana." A couple of acts will amply suffice for the purposes of a *lever de rideau*, and for those it will not be too much to ask the chorus to sing the French words just as the principals do. Polyglot opera is all very well, but, like everything else, it ought to have its limits. M. Alvarez would have made an ideal Fernand had he let himself go in the sword-breaking scene, where no tenor since Mario (no, not even Gayarre) has contrived to rise to the full height of the situation. The French artist might also have thrown more passion into his rendering of "Spirto gentil"; he imitated poor Gayarre's mezza-voce all through the song and forgot all about the forte high notes that used to bring down the house. We should have preferred Signor Ancona to M. Dufrique as the king, but M. Plançon as Balthazar was unsurpassable.

Bizet's one-act opera "Djamileh," which, after one postponement, was added to the repertory of Covent Garden on June 13, has already been made familiar to provincial audiences in English dress by the Carl Rosa Company. It was originally brought out at the Opéra Comique in 1872 (three years before the production of "Carmen"), and not at all favourably received by the Parisian critics, who were still unprepared for the advanced ideas of a musician whom they considered more eccentric than Berlioz and nearly as incomprehensible as Wagner. The libretto, written by M. Louis Gallet, is founded on M. Alfred de Musset's poem, "Namouna." The story deals with the love of Djamileh, a beautiful slave, for her master Haroun, a young Egyptian spendthrift, whose practice it is to change his mistress every month. After she has been sent away, the infatuated girl contrives by a stratagem to reintroduce herself into Haroun's palace as a new slave, and so impresses her master by her devotion that he consents to allow her to remain by his side. One of the principal incidents—namely, where a group of slaves is brought

in for Haroun to choose his new love, was originally suggested by Giraud's picture "Un Marchand d'Esclaves." The story does not, however, lend itself to operatic treatment, and in spite of music that is worthy in a good many instances of the composer of "Carmen," the interest drags and the sympathies of the spectator remain untouched.

The Richter Concerts are not, happily, being devoted exclusively to the music of Beethoven, Wagner, and Liszt, though, as a matter of course, these three masters (he of Bayreuth more especially) will occupy the lion's share of room in the season's operations. On his first Monday Dr. Hans Richter brought forward Smetana's picturesque symphonic poem, "Vltava," which had only been played once before in England—namely, at the Crystal Palace a dozen years ago. This met with deserved favour, and will doubtless be heard again after a much shorter interval. At the second concert the Viennese conductor introduced something altogether new, in the shape of an overture entitled "Une Nuit à Carlstein," from the pen of another Bohemian composer, Zdegnô Fibich. This proved to be much less interesting and original than Smetana's symphonic poem, though not wanting in structural ingenuity and effective orchestral writing.

MUSICIANS AT CAMBRIDGE.

That the Cambridge University Musical Society should celebrate its jubilee by a concert and a dinner was only in the nature of things. Nothing in an ordinary way, however, would have met the importance of the occasion, and it was, therefore, a distinctly happy idea to secure the co-operation of a number of distinguished musicians by the simple process of making them doctors of music *honoris causa*, and so compelling them to bring forward personally whatsoever compositions they might select as their "exercises" for the degree. The reason why the musicians thus honoured should be foreigners was sufficiently obvious, and the choice made by the University authorities was, on the whole, commendable. Verdi and Grieg were unable, through advancing years in the one case and ill-health in the other, to accept the invitation; but Saint-Saëns, Tchaikowsky, Boito, and Max Bruch formed a very illustrious group, and, judging by the cheers that greeted them at Cambridge on



RICHMOND TOWNHALL, OPENED BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, JUNE 10, 1893.

June 12 and 13, they are popular men in every sense. We need only deal here with the concert (the 215th given by the society), which took place in the Guildhall of the University town on the afternoon of the first of these dates. It drew a crowded audience (made exceptionally brilliant and interesting by reason of the occurrence of "May-week" and the presence of several musical celebrities), and it afforded, furthermore, an artistic treat of the highest order. The National Anthem was conducted by Professor Villiers Stanford, who had held the society's baton for twenty out of the fifty years of its existence, and now did so for the last time. This talented musician also directed the performance of M. Saint-Saëns's new pianoforte fantasia, "Africa," of Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite, and of his own Exhibition Ode, "East to West," which skilful example of native art was very appropriately included in the scheme. The fantasia was superbly played by the composer, who wrote the greater portion of it during a recent stay in Cairo (not Algiers), amid surroundings that helped largely to suggest its Oriental colouring and Southern animation. The piece is full of life, vigour, and rhythmical energy, and it will become quickly popular with pianists. Needless to say that M. Saint-Saëns was applauded to the echo: it was an afternoon of enthusiasm and of ovations, in which all seemed to have an equal share. The only other absolute novelty to English ears was M. Tchaikowsky's symphonic poem (Op. 32) "Francesca da Rimini," a work composed some seventeen years ago and intended to depict, as indeed it does with much graphic power, the tormenting winds wherein Dante sees Francesca in the Second Circle and hears her reference to the immortal love episode. This clever tone-picture was remarkably well played. Herr Max Bruch would, perhaps, have been most worthily represented by one of his three violin concertos, but a choral piece being desirable, choice was made of the scene from his "Odysseus" known as "The Banquet with the Phaeacians," which was capably sung, the solos being sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Miss Brema, and Mr. Plunket Greene. The choir was less completely satisfactory in the prologue from Signor Boito's "Mefistofele," the boys' voices not being sufficiently powerful. Nevertheless, the noble excerpt went with spirit under the composer's inspiring guidance, and Mefistofele's address to the Deity was finely sung by Mr. Henschel.



KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI.

bridge University Eleven have led to his obtaining the coveted honour of a place in the annual inter-University match, is a Rajput prince of Jareja descent and a relative of the reigning Prince

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen has been present on two occasions during the last week at some tableaux vivants in which Princesses Alexandra and Beatrice of Edinburgh took part. Her Majesty has had a brief visit from the Princess of Wales.

As a member of the standing committee of the trustees, the Prince of Wales attended a meeting at the British Museum on June 10. Early on Sunday morning the Princess of Wales arrived at Marlborough House from Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales has been diligent in attendance at the Opera, and with the Princess and his daughters was present at a performance of "Carmen" on June 12. On the same evening the Duke of Edinburgh and family were at the Globe Theatre, once more enjoying Mr. Penley's humour in "Charley's Aunt."

The Duke of York visited the Royal Counties Agricultural Show at Southampton on June 9, and opened the new municipal buildings at Richmond on June 10, remaining over Sunday at White Lodge.

One of the periodical convulsions in the Nationalist party has very nearly cost the Home Rule cause the services of its ablest Irish representative in the House of Commons. The political world was startled to learn that Mr. Sexton had tendered his resignation in consequence of the action of the party in regard to the management of the *Freeman's Journal*. The affairs of that paper have produced a good deal of friction for some time past between Mr. Healy and several of his colleagues. Mr. Sexton considered himself aggrieved by a resolution adopted at a meeting of the party, and his withdrawal from Parliamentary life has been averted only by a prolonged struggle in Committee-Room E, which bade fair to rival the celebrated transactions in Committee-Room No. 15. As nobody outside a particular circle is deeply interested in the affairs of the *Freeman's Journal*, the crisis precipitated by Mr. Sexton has caused a good deal of impatience in the Liberal party.

It is not surprising that Lord Salisbury should seize this incident as an illustration of the vanity of Home Rule. In a stirring speech at the Surrey Theatre, the Tory leader accentuated the elements which distinguished his Ulster speeches. With characteristic audacity he declared that before Mr. Gladstone "meddled with Ireland" there was no Irish question. He described the Irish members in the House of Commons as "foreigners," and the majority of the Irish people as "wolves." He declared that most Englishmen would, if they could, vote Ireland to "the bottom of the ocean." This was a little too much for some of his audience, who entreated him to spare Ulster from the submergence, which, with a certain impatience, he graciously consented to do. The speech has added nothing to the public information, and it betrays a habit of mind which is not favourable to the solution of a difficult problem. If Mr. Gladstone and his Bill were to vanish to-morrow, the Irish question would remain to plague us, and the desire to see Ireland at "the bottom of the ocean" is a mere expression of irritation which is no contribution to practical politics.

The Government have been landed in a very serious difficulty by an astounding blunder on the part of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. These gentlemen have publicly confessed that they supplied Mr. Gladstone with utterly erroneous figures respecting Ireland's contribution to the spirit duty. The blunder makes a difference of no less than £365,000, and, as Mr. Gladstone has calculated the Irish surplus at half a million, more than two-thirds of this amount is swept away. In consequence of this extraordinary mishap the financial clauses of the Home Rule Bill have to be entirely reconstructed, and there is a very natural jubilation in the Unionist camp.

The Ministerial majority in the Commons has been temporarily reduced by the unseating of the Liberal member for Pontefract. The general charges of bribery in the petition were

not sustained, and were strongly condemned by the judges; but it was proved that a clerk employed by the Liberal agent had paid the railway fare of a voter, amounting to five shillings. This has cost Mr. Reckitt his seat. The only parallel case we can call to mind is that of Mr. Jesse Collings, who was unseated years ago at Ipswich because a voter had been promised

many people. The subscriptions for wedding presents are being conducted with rather more zeal than discretion. It is absurd to ask the parents of Board-school children to subscribe hardly-earned pence. The municipal authorities of Hastings have set an admirable example by deciding to celebrate the occasion with a festival for the benefit of the aged poor of the borough, instead of touting for subscriptions towards a gift for Princess May.

Lord Roberts, who was entertained at the Mansion House, together with a distinguished company, made an important speech about the British army in India. He said that for the purpose of maintaining order in our great dependency the existing forces were sufficient, but in the event of a struggle with any great Power they would need to be very materially supplemented by British troops from home. This is a disagreeable though necessary reminder that our future responsibilities in the East may entail very heavy sacrifices.

The University of Cambridge has conferred the degree of Doctor of Music on four distinguished foreign musicians: MM. Boito, Bruch, Saint-Saëns, and Tschaiakowsky. To Lord Herschell, Lord Roberts, and other gentlemen honorary degrees were also given in a more respectful silence than of yore.

Mr. Bayard, the new American Ambassador, has arrived in London to take up his duties in succession to Mr. Lincoln.

A statue of Professor Fawcett, modelled in terra-cotta by Mr. Tinworth, and presented to the public by Sir Henry Doulton, has been unveiled in Vauxhall Park by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A romantic story of suicide comes from Canterbury. Mr. Hermann Stoer and his wife were found dead side by side in Canterbury Wood. Mr. Stoer first shot his wife and then committed suicide, the evidence pointing irresistibly to the conclusion that both desperate acts were concerted between the unfortunate man and his companion. Mr. Stoer was a young man of literary tastes, and he has left an extraordinary document to the effect that public neglect of his genius had driven him to take his wife's life and his own. This statement reads like a burlesque of the invective in "Maud" against the sordid commercialism of the age.

A striking tribute to the British administration of Egypt has been published by the Paris *Figaro*. The special representative of that journal, sent to Egypt to condemn the English, has, like another Balaam, set himself to bless instead of cursing. He declares that England is the practical saviour of Egypt; that all the stories circulated by her enemies are false; that her withdrawal from the Nile would be a misfortune; and that Egypt for the Egyptians is a Utopia. That a French writer should have the public spirit to make this *amende honorable* to *perfidie Albion*, and that a French journal should have the candour and the courage to publish it, certainly brings us sensibly nearer the millennium.

By-the-way, Cairo has been agitated by an outbreak at the convict prison of Tourah. Six hundred convicts rose against their guards. About forty were shot, eleven escaped, and the rest were safely restored to the prison discipline.

An extraordinary calamity has happened at Washington. Ford's Theatre, famous for the assassination of Abraham Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, and used of late years as an office of the War Department, suddenly collapsed owing to some tampering with the foundations by electrical engineers. Between twenty and thirty lost their lives, and many were injured.

The United States Court at Chicago has issued an injunction against the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday. As the question has excited a tremendous commotion in America it is not likely to be settled by one legal fiat. The average attendance at the Exhibition has risen considerably.



CHARLES CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.

MAX BRUCH.

PETER ILTITSCH TSCHAIKOWSKY.

ARRIGO BOÏTO.

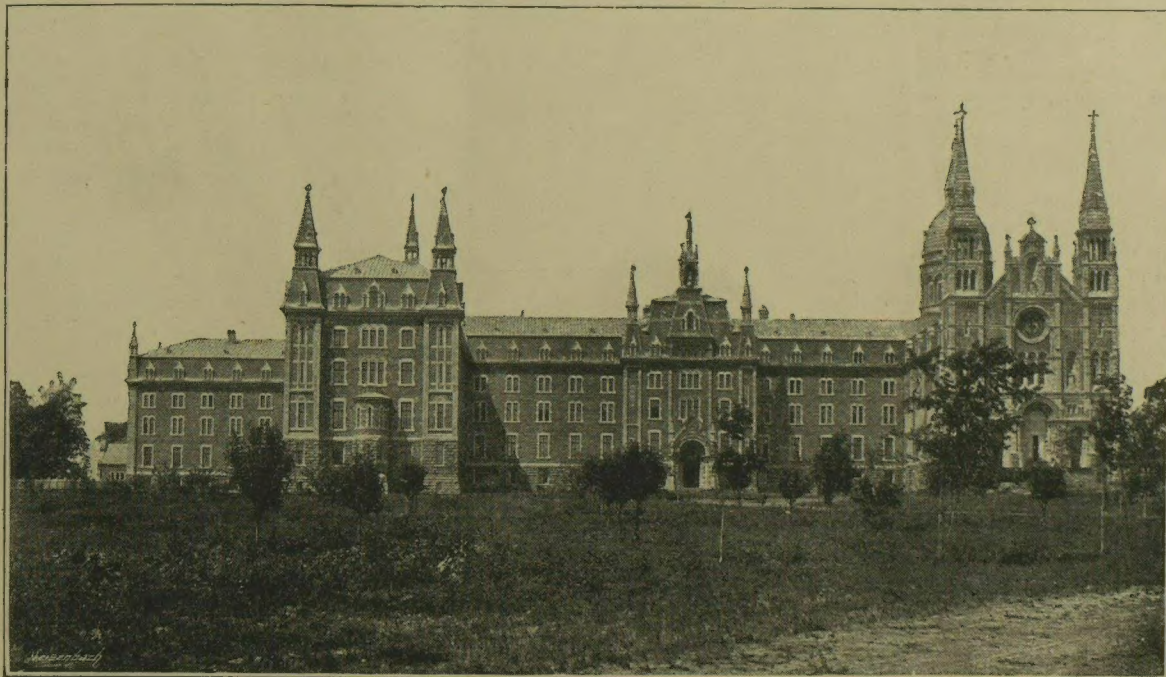
THE NEW DOCTORS OF MUSIC.

See preceding page.

three-and-sixpence for his railway expenses. There is some reason, no doubt, to be proud of a law which exacts such a penalty for the most trifling violation of electoral purity. Unfortunately, there is a considerable amount of insidious corruption which the law does not touch. There are now four Parliamentary vacancies—Pontefract, Linlithgowshire, Swansea, and North-East Cork. The fight in Linlithgowshire promises to be very close, and the result will probably be known before these lines are read.

A remarkable demonstration in favour of the Local Veto Bill was held in Hyde Park on June 10. The gathering was one of the largest ever seen, whatever may be thought of the policy it represented. Sir William Harcourt, who was present as a spectator, received an enthusiastic greeting.

There is an agitation in favour of a public holiday on the day of the royal wedding, but objection is made on the ground that this would mean the loss of a day's wages to



THE "MOTHER CONVENT OF AMERICA" AT MONTREAL, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

See "Our Illustrations."



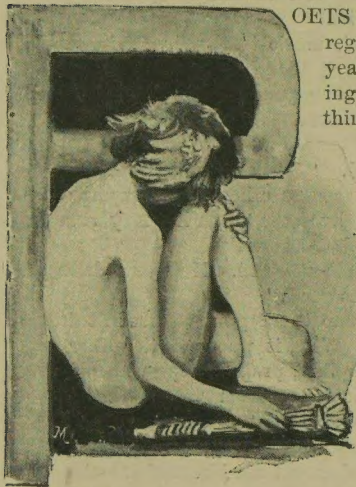
"LOVE'S MESSENGER."—BY C. T. GARLAND.

THE REBEL QUEEN

By
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part.



POETS have spoken of the regrets, the longings, the yearnings provoked by seeing after long years places, things, and persons once familiar and dear. We all revisit Yarrow when we grow old. Every man stands in a burial ground growing every year larger and larger, filled with dead thoughts and dead friends. The monuments stand around sacred to their memories: lying monuments some, because their memories are not sacred, and one

would fain forget them if that were possible. To stand before such a tomb and to remember what that once was which is now buried there is surely the most mournful thing that life has to give. Better close one's eyes to the monuments and pass on, forgetting that they stand behind one. Before such a tomb Emanuel and his wife were to stand. The thing within it was dead—they had killed it. They were going to revive the memory of the dead and then to part again—perhaps to see each other no more till, in another world, the relation of woman to man would be established once for all, without any possible chance of misunderstanding.

"Is it well with the Master?"

Melkah rose from her corner on the stairs where she sat half the day, a bundle of shawls and wraps. She looked up when Emanuel entered the hall: she rose and stood with some difficulty, for her joints were rusty with age. She threw back the shawl that covered her head and made a veil.

"I knew you would come back once more before you died."

Emanuel started. "Everything is the same—not the same house, I suppose, but like it. The hall, and the stairs, and Melkah—Melkah. You must be very old, Melkah."

"I am ninety and more. Sometimes I think I am forgotten. Who should remember a silly old woman like me? You will find Madame upstairs. She is waiting for you—just as she waited for you twenty years ago. Be gentle with her, Master."

Emanuel passed up the stairs. Melkah sank back into her corner and covered her head again, and so sat huddled up.

Emanuel opened the door of the drawing-room. Yes. It was exactly as if the twenty years of separation had disappeared. It was not the same room, but it looked the same. Moreover, to his eyes, ignorant of *Æsthetics*, the furniture appeared to be the same. And at the end of the room his wife sat waiting for him as she had waited for him twenty years ago. As she was dressed then, so she was dressed now, in the stately crimson velvet that she loved, with jewels round her neck and arms. As she walked down the room to meet him then, so she walked down the room to meet him now. As she stopped in the middle of the room then, so she stopped now. She gave him her hand, but he gently refused it. "We are either husband and wife," he said, "or we are strangers who have a common sorrow."

"If we have a common sorrow we are not strangers. But—as you will. Let us talk as strangers if you please, or, rather, as old acquaintances."

"Nay. Let us talk as the dead talk who have a common past to remember. We have a common past, Isabel."

He took a chair, as he had done twenty years before, and placed it for her. Then he placed another for himself. They sat facing opposite ways, but side by side, just as they had done twenty years before.

"I heard that you were in London," the dead wife began, "from one Aldebert Angelo, who is, as perhaps you know, a second or third cousin of mine. I thought that you must be dead, because I heard nothing about your work, and I thought you would do great things. It appears that you have abandoned science. Mr. Angelo tells me that you are poor—that you work with your hands. Is that necessary, Emanuel?"

"A man must live," the dead husband replied. "I do as much work as is required to keep me. I wander about the face of the earth. Since we parted, Isabel, I have wandered on foot all round the Mediterranean. Once I saw you—it was in the streets of Tunis. You were in a shop, buying things. I have never ceased to think of you—there was a time when I was drawn as by ropes towards you. I was tempted, for your sake, to trample on the Law and to make myself the most abject of men—one who sells his birthright of pre-eminence for a woman's kiss. Therefore I hastened to get as far from

you as I could. I can now look back to the death of my short-lived wife with the tender memory of her beauty and her virtue and her sweetness. Her rebellion I have forgotten. It is but a month that I have to remember, but that short month has filled all my life."

"As for me, Emanuel, when you died I suffered—I may now confess—more pain than I thought I could feel for any man. There was not a day for months afterwards, when, if you had suddenly presented yourself, I should not have been ready to fall at your feet and offer obedience and submission." In her face, in her eyes, had he looked, there was again the same look of submission. "Fortunately," she went on, more coldly, "you did not appear. You are, I need hardly ask, still of the same mind as regards the position of women?"

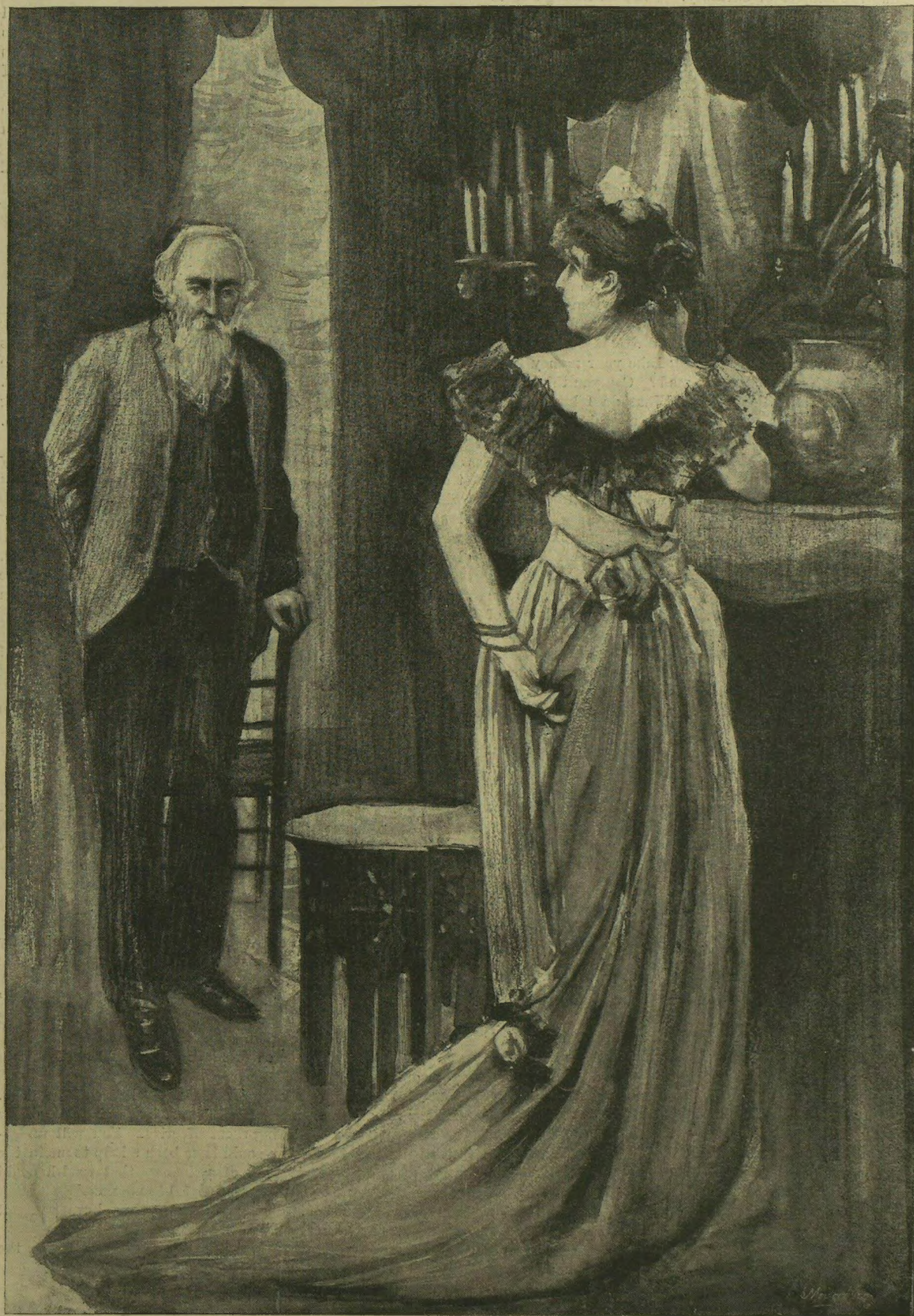
"I remain still of the same mind, Isabel—that is to say, I remain in harmony with the Laws of God and the Laws of Nature, which are the Laws of God. You are still, perhaps, a rebel against both."

"If you please; call it what you like. For twenty years

I have striven to uphold the equality of woman. Oh! I know all that you would say. I have against me the united forces of religion, tradition, prejudice, and brutality. If such men as Emanuel Elveda will not allow my contention, what am I to expect of the ignorant mass? I have succeeded, however, so far that the world has learned the actual condition of women in Europe at least. I have shown what the enforced submission of women has led to, over this civilised continent. And I have gathered round me a band of women devoted to the cause of their own enfranchisement."

"Was this all you had to say to me, Isabel? For we waste the time. I know what you have done. I have seen your book translated into German, French, Spanish, Italian, and Russian. It is everywhere—and though I never read papers, I have heard your name and your work discussed on steamers and in railway carriages. Therefore, I said to myself, 'Isabel remains rebellious.'"

"I wanted to see you, Emanuel, partly out of curiosity and partly because I had something to tell you. Out of curiosity,



As she stopped in the middle of the room then, so she stopped now. She gave him her hand, but he gently refused it.

because I wished to see the face that could once move me so deeply. It is changed, Emanuel. Some of the sunshine has gone out of your face: I think your eyes could no longer flash suddenly with hope as they used to do when you had a dream more brilliant than usual. Oh, Emanuel! you were a dreamer of Dreams and a seer of Visions. There was never such a man as yourself: Jacob's Ladder was always before your eyes with angels running up to Heaven. You were always yourself half-way up that ladder: with your science you would create a new world for mankind, with your preaching you would create a new man for the new world. When you left me, Emanuel, it was as if the colour and the sunshine were taken out of life. You had ideas as well as dreams. Pity that your ideas and your dreams should be all thrown away."

"Perhaps they are not all thrown away. There are other ways of preserving thought besides the writing of books—better ways, some of them. Perhaps, too, a man may do better for the world if he leaves it, his still imperfect thoughts unexpressed. He may be permitted to take them into his next existence: most likely they are but the reflection of passing events. What we call thoughts are generally nothing but a bald translation into words of things that we have seen."

"Dreamer still! As for me, I live for this world. What the next may be I neither know nor will I guess. Well. Emanuel, we have met again. Perhaps it was not wise. Yet there has been a past for both of us. I, for one, was curious to learn if I could look on your face and hear your voice without being stirred in the old way. I am satisfied on that point. We are dead to each other—or to ourselves. Yet it is pleasant to see your face again, Emanuel. It recalls the past, or some of it—and it brings no bitterness—even now—no regrets. I wonder that there should have been a time when I could not look upon your face without a yearning of the heart."

"I do not wonder—thinking of the past. But you killed the very instinct of love when you rebelled against the Law. Still, you have a memory, Isabel. It should have kept you out of many extravagances which those women commit who know not love. Your curiosity is satisfied," he added, with the least touch of annoyance—no one, not even a Philosopher, likes being the subject of curiosity. "Let us now go on to what you wished to say."

"When we were married, Emanuel, I was rich."

"So I understood."

"I am rich no longer. All my money has been stolen and dissipated. I have now only a few thousands left of all my great inheritance."

Emanuel bowed his head—a gesture which may mean anything you please, but it always means that the speaker is followed and understood, so far.

"The settlement that was made upon you at our marriage—it was an annuity—can no longer be paid, Emanuel."

"I know nothing," he said coldly, "about any settlement."

"Therefore I propose, if you will consent, to divide what has been saved out of the wreck—it will be something over forty thousand pounds—into two portions, of which you shall take one half, and leave me the other half."

"What?" he started into life. "Take your money from you? Divide with you? Are you mad? Can you think for a moment that I could do this thing? What do I know about your settlements? I have never taken anything from you when you were rich—do you imagine that I am going to begin when you have lost your fortune?"

She was silent for a moment. Then she replied, "You shame me now as always, Emanuel. I could not take money from you. Forgive me."

"You have lost your fortune, Isabel. I am not sorry. Great fortunes are the curse of civilisation. The thing that our People desire perpetually corrupts us while we desire it, corrupts us while we work for it, corrupts our children when we leave it to them. So the gods make scourges for us out of our desires—Israel is cursed with the lust of gold. Why, but for your riches you would have shared the Common Lot." Madame Elveda started; her daughter had used those words. "You would have become a wife and a mother contented with the Eternal Laws of Nature. What have you become?—a Rebel; one who wages a vain and feeble war against the Order of Heaven. You are like a child shaking its fist at the moon. You are like the woman in the Rabbinical story, the nursery story, that first Rebel among women—Lilith. Your desire has been granted to you, with the consequences which you did not expect. You have had a lonely, a friendless, and a loveless life. Now that your money is gone it will become more lonely, more friendless, and more loveless. Oh! I use not threatening words. These things are natural consequences. You have trampled on the Law. As the wineglass which was broken at our wedding, so shall your life be broken, scattered, and lost. But the Law remains. And the Woman shall obey the Man."

"I will not dispute with you, Emanuel. Say on."

"You have left your People and your Faith. Yet the Lord our God is one God."

"Oh, Emanuel! I could laugh at you, but the thing is too serious. I could be angry with you, but still it is too serious."

"My dead wife"—he looked into her face with a touch of the old tenderness—"for the sake of that short month, every hour of which lives in my memory, I cannot choose but speak the truth. Nevertheless, I have no longer the right even to speak in your presence of what I think. You are still beautiful, Isabel—but your face is hard. It should be the face of a woman whose days have been bathed with the sunshine of love. But it is hard. It is the face of a woman who has been fighting for twenty years."

"And yours, Emanuel, is the face of a dreamer still. Your eyes are full of dreams. Love has no place in your thoughts. Farewell, dead husband. The dead neither kiss nor greet each other, nor take each other by the hand. For them there is nothing but the past. Farewell."

They gazed in each other's faces for a while. Then Emanuel turned and walked slowly down the room.

When, some months later, Emanuel sat among the tents of certain Arab friends, that last farewell arose again in his mind. He saw his dead wife's eyes, and as he gazed into them their hard look faded, and there came again the long-lost eyes of love. And so that memory will remain with him to the end.

As he walked down the room, his wife looked after him, just as she had done twenty years before. The rounding of his shoulders, the stoop of his neck, touched her with a sense of pity. Emanuel, she thought, was growing old. As for the words of warning, they fell upon her like seed upon a hard rock. She heard them but heeded them not.

He passed out and closed the door. She hesitated, then she walked down the room. It was all exactly like the last talk, twenty years ago. She opened the door, and stepped out upon the landing. Below she watched her husband walking across the broad hall. He opened the door and went out, shutting it behind him. All exactly like that parting of twenty years ago. But this time it was the last parting of dead husband and dead wife.

She saw Melkah standing with her shawl thrown back looking out after this strange visitor.

"Melkah!" she cried, "Melkah! Did you see him? Last time he came he prophesied a loveless life, while the child was calling from the cradle; again he prophesies a loveless life, when the child has grown up."

"But she has left the cradle—she has left the nest, she has flown away. Francesca is gone! You must live without her. I told you—I told you! Get her a husband, I said. She was falling into fancies. But you would not. You have lost her. The child is gone."

"Melkah, you are a silly old woman! Why should Francesca be gone? How should I lose her? She will come back changed, because she will have lost her fancies. She will come back to be my lieutenant and my successor. Melkah, he is more obstinate than ever. His face—there was a time when I was silly over that face—is nobler than before. He is as full of dreams; he is as unpractical and he is as obstinate as ever. I am glad to have seen the man once more, Melkah. It makes me proud to think that such a man loved me; yet I love him no longer. If I, who was loved by Emanuel Elveda, can stand up for the equality of women, how much more should those unhappy women fight for it who are mated with lower men?"

"The woman must obey the man," said the old woman of Damascus—who could never be converted.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy Sovereign.—*Taming of the Shrew.*

"Lonely—Loveless—Friendless!"

Madame Elveda sat alone. She had been quite alone for some days. It was the month of August, when everybody is out of town and work has come to an end—even work for the emancipation of women. There were no letters and no callers, and her fortune was gone. She was going to exchange her big house for a flat, and it seemed as if her friends had all gone too.

"Lonely—Loveless—Friendless!"

When one is strong and rich and busy, and surrounded by troops of acquaintances, the loneliness of life is not felt: when the work and the friends and the wealth vanish, the loneliness of life begins to be felt. It wraps a man round as with a mist. One who walks in a thick fog understands the loneliness of life. Madame Elveda sat alone in the great house. She was alone all day and all the evening: the silence of the house weighed upon her, and the words of her husband began to ring in her ears like a bell that tolls for a parting soul.

"Lonely—Loveless—Friendless!"

"Melkah," she said, "why should Francesca change? What did you mean when you said that Francesca would change?"

"She is gone to live among women who love. Those who love obey their husbands. You teach her one thing and she sees another. Francesca is like her father."

"Her father would command, not obey."

Melkah shook her head. She knew what she meant.

Lo! one evening while she pondered these things her daughter returned.

She stood before her mother, who looked in her face curiously and anxiously. Yes, the girl was changed. Her face was changed—it was filled with new thoughts: it was eager, the face of a girl who is occupied and busy with many things.

Her mother sighed and turned away. She recognised by maternal intuition that her daughter was changed—and she knew in what direction.

"You look troubled, mother. Has anything happened?"

"Yes, my dear, a great deal has happened. A most important change has fallen upon me."

"Mother!" Francesca cried eagerly, "not a change in your opinions?"

"Not in my opinions, Francesca," she replied coldly. "They remain the same. The change, however, will greatly reduce my power of making them effective. You will understand directly that if you could have been a help to me in the past, when I had every kind of assistance that wealth could procure, you can be ten times as useful to me now."

"When you had? But, my dear mother, have you not still—has any misfortune?"

"What has happened is this: A month ago I was the possessor, I supposed, and you were the heiress of a great fortune. I inherited a fortune of millions. It was invested chiefly in French stocks and securities. We never spent—we could not if we tried spend—a fifth part of our income. The rest accumulated, as I thought. About sixty

thousand pounds of savings were invested every year. I kept a very careless account, because I had an agent in whom I entirely trusted. Still, I knew what was done with the money, and I kept in my own hands the power of selling out or changing investments. Nothing could be done without my signature. This gave me perfect confidence. Now, by these accumulations, my original fortune ought to have been increased, during the last twenty years, by another million. You should therefore be the heiress, if you succeeded to-day, of two millions and a half—that is to say, about a hundred thousand pounds a year. That is to say, again, I was probably the richest private woman in the world, and you were certainly the greatest heiress."

"Oh!" Francesca clasped her hands. "We have actually lost our fortune? Lost our fortune? Oh! It is Providential! I was going to tell you, mother, that I wanted to give up my fortune—or my succession—and to join the people who have no money at all."

"How would you live?" Her mother's voice showed no sympathy with this proposition.

"I should carry on Nelly's music-teaching. Oh! I should do very well."

"Why do you wish to give up your fortune? With money, child, you can move the world. Without it, you can do nothing."

Francesca shook her head. "The only real power that one woman, or one man can have over others is by example and teaching. One woman who lives the better life may shame a hundred who live the lower, but for her."

"You talk like—your father, child. He was a dreamer. But of dreams there comes no good."

"Well—but if the fortune is all gone we needn't dream any longer. We can act. Why, it was only the other day, that Mr. Hayling—Lord Hayling, properly—prayed solemnly that all my riches might be taken from me. It is like an answer to prayer. We have no money. Oh! a month ago I should have felt like the *cigale* in winter. No money! the poor shivering naked *cigale*! And now I am like the Pilgrim who dropped his burden and went on his way rejoicing and light-hearted."

"You rejoice, Francesca? You rejoice that I have lost my fortune, and with it my position and my power? What does this mean?"

"Oh, mother! if your position and your power depend only on your fortune, what are they? No, your power will remain, if it is worth keeping. What would you have been if there never been any fortune at all?"

"This is not a time for speculation. Let me go on. I heard of this reverse first about three weeks ago. Had I known that you would rejoice in poverty I would have told you; but I feared to distress you. I wanted you to go on working out the problem on which you were engaged undisturbed. But part of the thing has now got into the papers. I receive letters asking if the report is true, so I think it is best to tell you at once now that you appear delighted by my misfortunes."

"No, mother; not your misfortunes. It was much best to tell me. Oh! It is gone? Is it really gone? Mother, I never understood, until this moment, what a horrid thing that money has been to us all along. Men pray for money; they dream of money—much money. They can't have too much money—and see! it has made me what I have been—not a woman at all—an artificial creature—an unreal creature, dressed like a woman, talking rubbish about art and—and—mother, I cannot say it."

"If, Francesca, you were able to help me before," her mother continued, pursuing her own thoughts, "you are able to help me ten times as much now. We shall live in a flat, we must give up our dinners and our evenings, we must practise economy in small things—in fact, I clearly perceive that I can no longer be the Leader that I was. It remains for you to be a Leader of another kind. You will write; you will speak. Oh! you don't know, child, your own cleverness. You can do anything you please. You will carry on the Cause, Francesca." For the first time in her life, the girl recognised in her mother's voice a touch of weakness—an appeal for help. Her heart fell within her, for, alas! she could be of no more use to her mother. She and the Cause were parted. "I have the knowledge," Francesca. I used to have the wealth—now I have no more money—I, who was born to such immense treasure; but you, my dear, with the eloquence of beauty and of culture—you can use my knowledge as a well to draw from, and you will carry all before you. Francesca, what do you mean? Why do you look at me like this?"

"There is a man, mother, living near us—over there—who was also born to a great fortune and to a great position. Long ago, more than twenty years ago, he gave up everything and went away to become a common working man. He was a sailor before the mast. He wanted to have the Common Lot: he married a girl of his adopted station—that must have been the hardest thing of all: he has enjoyed the Common Lot ever since. His wife has become a drunkard: his son is a shallow-brained fool: he has forwarded few—if any—of the things he preaches. Some would say that his life has been a failure. But he does not think so. He has had the Common Lot: he would not change if it were to do all over again. Suffering and hard work and disappointment—but to share the Common Lot, he says, is the best that can happen to a man."

"What is this man to us, Francesca?"

"There is another man over there"—again Francesca pointed in an easterly direction—"who gave up his friends and his career twenty years again in order to keep his freedom. He wants no money, he will not try to make any—he despises wealth. So long as he is free to live his life in his own way he is happy. He walks about the world, he works with his hands. He is quite—quite—free. And he is quite—quite—happy; and wiser, fuller of dignity and self-respect than any other man that ever I knew."

"Again, Francesca, what has this man to do with us?"

"It is the Common Lot, mother, that I have seen and learned. It is the freedom from wealth that I have learned to envy. Mother, how was it made, this great fortune of ours?"

"It was made—how does it concern you, child, to know how it was made? It was made by one man, and, at least, honestly."

"All that immense fortune made by one man? And that honestly? Since I have been away, mother, I have heard a good deal about money, and I have been thinking. Formerly I used to believe that our wealth arose from a long succession of noble ancestors—Moors; now I know that this could not be. How was our fortune made, mother?"

"My grandfather made it, Francesca. He made it by contracts for provisions for the British Army in the Peninsular War. Now you know as much as I know. You may learn, at the same time, though the knowledge will not make you any the happier—knowledge never does, I think—that he was a self-made man, and began with nothing. There is nothing noble about your ancestors at all, at least on my side. On your father's side—yes. They were, before the Revolution, nobles of Spain, who laid down their titles when they had no further reason for concealing their faith."

"He was a contractor, this rich great-grandfather. So our fortune was built upon bacon and flour. I am glad, at least, that it was not made by sweating work-girls. Now, we have lost it—well—we have lost it. Can you regret it, mother?"

"Regret it? Are you mad, child? Do I regret power, authority, respect, consideration?"

"Yes, yes; but without the money you will have just as much consideration and respect. Your work remains, you have written the only great book on the present condition of women. You are an authority on that subject, whatever happens. I suppose you could have written that book just as well without so much money."

"You know nothing, Francesca."

"I know very little, it is true. But I have learned something. You should have kept me with you in this Harem. But you let me out, and I have learned many things. Mother, why did you let me believe that we were Moors?"

"There was a reason, my dear. I wanted so to separate myself from my own People that you should never know that you belonged to them. It was for your sake, Francesca. I wanted you to start without the superstitions and the prejudices of the Jews. I would have you free."

"Yes, I was free. But if freedom means seclusion from the world—Oh! mother, believe me, I am not reproaching you, I understand why you did it. But I have learned the truth, and I rejoice. I am one of that great and immortal race, who have had so wonderful a past, and are going to have so wonderful a future."

"Strange!" said her mother, "and I have taken so much trouble to prevent you knowing the truth. Well, child, you are a Jewess. Your great-grandfather, who made all the money, was born in the Ghetto of Venice, but he was of a Spanish family. On your father's side you are still more Spanish, because for many generations the Elvedas were a noble Spanish family, secretly practising their ancient faith. And so you rejoice that you are a Jewess. Wonderful! By their Law the woman obeys the man and is subject to him. And you rejoice that you are a Jewess!"

"Yes, I rejoice. And oh! the money is all gone and I am free to work and to live as the others work and live. And I shall no longer sit at an hotel window and watch the Passing Show."

"You will desert me, Francesca? Oh! child"—the mother's eyes filled with tears—"you will desert the Cause and your mother, who has been the leader of the Cause?"

"I must, mother, I must. I think that you and your friends are wrong from the very beginning. You say that woman is man's equal. No, no, no. Nature made him stronger, larger of brain and larger of heart. He does things which woman cannot do. Woman is below man. My new teacher says it is the Law of God—'He shall rule over thee.' My little study in comparative religions did not include, so far as I went, a study of that Law, but there is the Law of Nature. Why, everywhere it cries aloud that the man is greater than the woman! You repudiate the submission of the woman over the man she loves. Why, all over the world, everywhere, in every country and in every age, the women cheerfully and happily yield submission and obedience to the men they love. Why not? It is a part of love. I have never understood until now how their obedience brings order and happiness into life. Now I have seen it and I know what it means. Oh! women are not the equals of men. Let us cease to fight against the Laws of Nature."

"You strangely resemble your father, child. I have never seen the resemblance so strong. You talk like him and you look like him." This, had Madame known, was not an unlikely result of six weeks' daily intercourse.

"When I came back to this house," Francesca went on, concealing nothing, "I felt as if I were entering some Temple of a False God. I remembered the things I had seen here, heard here, said here. It is a Temple of a Religion which shuts out humanity. The preachers are not real women; they must destroy their nature before they can preach and teach these things."

"You are frank indeed."

"I want you to understand exactly what I mean, mother. You wanted me to join in the advocacy of unrcality. Why, so I might, because I knew nothing of the world. Men and women and all their ways—they were puppets, and I was to preach to puppets doctrines of which I understood not one word. But it is all changed. Mother, I am glad that you are leaving this great house, which is full of horrid memories and unreal thoughts. I could never come back to it. The place weighs upon me."

"Again, Francesca, you are frank even to cruelty."

"Forgive me, mother. I would not pain you, yet I must needs speak the truth. About submission and obedience, again, I will show you how much I am changed. There are two men—two—to obey either of whom—both of whom—would be a joy and a happiness unspeakable to me."

Her mother heard without asking who they were.

"One of them is a man to whom I would be a daughter—a wise and good man, the man who wanders about the world and meditates; the other is the man whom at your order I sent away. But now I know—I know very well—what the happiness of my life might be."

"Child! Say no more. It is enough. All my lessons have been thrown away. I have lost my daughter as well as my fortune. Perhaps it would have been kinder to have concealed from me the former loss till I had partly resigned myself to the latter."



It was all exactly like the last talk, twenty years ago. She opened the door and stepped out upon the landing.

"No, mother! No! You have not lost me! Throw away—with the horrid money—the hopeless Cause!"

Her mother sighed.

"You do not understand," she said. "It is my life. You give up me when you give up the Cause. Oh! I have brought you up to be my successor. Everything you learned, every book you read, Francesca, was chosen by me with that object. I kept you apart from other girls. I allowed you no play-fellows or friends, so that you should imbibe no other ideas than those I wished. You were nearly eighteen before I consented that you should go among other girls, and you were by that time strong in the opinions that I had cultivated—so strong that I was not afraid of you. Yet, after you have passed the ordeal of Newnham and its conflicting thoughts, when you are already arrived at one-and-twenty—an age when you should be confirmed in opinion—you suddenly abandon all the things you once held holy and worship the things that you once derided. Francesca, what did I say when we spoke last about these things? Have I not a right to be disappointed?"

"Yes—mother—you have. Yet—at the same time—have I not a right to freedom of thought? It is not a sudden change. It began when I sent away Harold, and afterwards considered and tried to understand what love meant—and I found that in spite of my fine words nothing would have made me so happy as submission—complete submission, mother, to his will. After that what was left of the Cause? It was blown to the winds. Now, mother, let us talk about other things. What will you do?"

"I shall carry on the work of my life," Madame Elveda replied coldly, "as long as my life lasts. But we can no longer talk about that. Let us consider your future. I do not know what you really contemplate. In the flat that I shall take there will be a room for you, Francesca, if you

choose to occupy it. Perhaps you will prefer the Common Lot with your new friends. If these Jews—our own People—do not want money, a very remarkable change must have come over our people. Perhaps, in time, you will discover that the Common Lot is not quite so enviable as the Lot that is less common—of wealth and culture and manners and self-respect. Until then we will talk no more about it. Until then our lives, which have hitherto flowed on together, will run apart. Good-bye, Francesca." She gave her daughter the coldest of kisses and turned to the study table and her papers. She sat a long time thinking.

Presently she took some note-paper and wrote a letter. It was as follows—

"Dear Harold,—You will be sorry—unless you, too, have acquired the new ideas which now possess Francesca—to learn that I have been robbed of nearly the whole of my fortune. Enough remains for me to live upon with a certain amount of ease. Francesca, therefore, so far from being a great heiress, will inherit from me a very moderate sum of money. When you came to me two months ago I told you that the answer was in Francesca's hands. That was strictly true. I had already so influenced her that I knew beforehand what the answer would be.

"I did not ask, at that time, how far she had consulted her heart. It was enough for me that my daughter remained free to help me in my work.

"She will never help me in that work. She has deserted the Cause: she has acquired—I know not how—opinions directly opposite to mine.

"There is a new Francesca. Should you feel impelled to put that question to the new Francesca, you would perhaps—I know not—receive another answer.

"I hoped that Francesca would prove superior to the weakness of her sex, and never marry. But since that hope seems likely to be shattered there is no man to whom I would more gladly give her—whether in riches or in poverty—than to you. I must explain to you that twenty years ago, when I separated from my own People, I resolved that my child should never, if I could help it, know even that she was descended from the Jewish race. Therefore I told her that we were Spanish Moors. This deception was meant to be harmless: it may have proved mischievous if Francesca were suspected of being cognisant of the deception or the truth.

"Your affectionate friend,

"ISABEL ELVEDA."

She folded the letter and put it in an envelope.

Then she fell to thinking again. Her daughter gone—her fortune gone—the friends of prosperity gone.

"Lonely—Friendless—Loveless!"

At five Melkah, according to her wont, brought her a cup of tea.

"Did you see her, Melkah? Did you talk to her?"

"She is changed. I said she would be changed. I saw the change in her face and in her eyes. It is in her voice. She has shaken off her fancies—she is another girl."

"I believe it would be better for her to marry, Melkah. It is not every woman who can develop her higher nature without love. Afterwards she will see things as they are."

Melkah shook her head. "The child should be called Eve. She is all wife and mother. She thinks no more about your cause. She is a woman who has joined the women. She is ready to obey like all the rest. She is one of us—I see it in her face. She has found out, somehow, for herself, the Law of God."

Madame Elveda turned her face as if to reply. It was a hollow, haggard face. Melkah sank down upon the hearth-rug, and crouched in silence. She did this every afternoon waiting for speech of her mistress and for the teacup. This afternoon there was nothing said. Melkah fell asleep, as old people will. When she woke up, two hours later, her mistress still sat gazing into space, hollow-eyed and pale. The tea stood untouched. Melkah sat up, awake in a moment to a sense of disaster.

"What is the trouble?" she asked.

"Melkah, you have been with me since I was a baby—forty-two years you have never left me. Will you leave me now?"

"Why should I leave you? I am an old woman—my brothers are dead; you will close my eyes and bury me with my People. Why do you talk of leaving you?"

"I have lost my money, Melkah. There is enough left to keep you and me. But I am now a poor woman who once was so rich—so very, very rich that all the world envied me. I was so very rich that I could afford to throw away love and the man I loved, and to neglect the money that made me rich—so that is gone, and well—and my daughter, who has left me. Now there is nothing left but you, Melkah. What did Emanuel say? 'Lonely—Friendless—Loveless.' Only you left to me of all my possessions, Melkah."

"Nay, the child has only left you for a time. She will return."

"Perhaps. I am weaker to-day than I have ever been before in all my life. Perhaps, Melkah, Francesca is right. Better the Common Lot—to suffer with the rest—rather than to stand apart and fight against the Common Lot. Yet—No—No—No!" She sprang to her feet, and stood with clenched hands and hard eyes. "No! If I had to do it all over again I would act in exactly the same manner. I will obey no man!"

(To be concluded in our next.)



POLO IN INDIA.



I.—THE DELIGHT OF READING EMERSON'S COMPLETE PROSE WORKS.

(Contributed by Miss Evangeline Royland.)

I should not have gone to stay at Aunt Mildred's house if I had not had a Reason—a very important Reason. I am told that it is a very charming house and situated in a very charming landscape, and that my Aunt Mildred, although practically a recluse, is a very charming and intellectual woman. But that was not my Reason. You can't dance with a house, you can't flirt with a landscape. I do not dispute Aunt Mildred's intellect, but I think that intellect is always much overvalued. People talk about it and write about it, and try to make themselves think that there is nothing for which they care so much; but, of course, that is mere pretence. Does any man marry a woman because she knows what there is to know about the Integral Calculus? Obviously not. So what is the use?

I came on the thirteenth day of the month. I had expected to see something of—well, of my Reason for coming, in the afternoon of the day. But he—I mean it—never called. The next day passed, and it had never been to the house. I was not angry; it was nothing to me if the Reason could not be ordinarily polite. I have my pride, I am glad to say. I just moped, and read "Mary's Mistake," in three volumes, which I had brought with me. After luncheon on the fifteenth day, which was gloriously hot, I told Aunt Mildred that I was going to sit in the garden and read. Would she lend me a book?

She drew in her lips and frowned slightly, not severely, but meditatively.

"Jane," she said to her maid, "second shelf from the top, right of the door, in the library. Sixth book from the right-hand end of the shelf. Bring it, please."

She knows the exact position of most of her books by heart. If you asked her to describe a really good dress that she had seen only two minutes before, she could not do it. That, I suppose, is intellect!

"Have you ever read any Emerson?" she asked, turning to me.

"I'm not quite sure," I answered. "Didn't she write 'Won in a Canter' and 'Lost in a Lottery' and some other sporting novels?"

"Emerson was a man," she answered, in a tone of repressed agony. "It is possible that some feminine person, unduly honoured by bearing the same name, may have disgraced herself in the way that you describe. But for the purposes of literature there is only one Emerson."

I said, "Yes. Did he write stories?"

My Aunt Mildred shuddered. "No, Eva; not stories. I am afraid that I really cannot talk to you about him yet. You wouldn't understand. Read him. Read this volume through. Ignorant though you may be, if you have any soul at all, you will find it the dearest delight of your life."

I said, "Oh! thanks!" I took the book and went into the garden. I sat under a big chestnut-tree at the farther end of the lawn; from there I could see anyone coming up the drive, although I had not chosen my position for that reason. I sat there simply because it was cool and shady. I began at the very beginning. It was an essay on History. These are the first words of it—

"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same."

I read that over twice. I wondered if I were an inlet to the same and all of the same. I wondered if it could have been put a little more easily. However, I thought I would understand that before I went any further. So I closed my eyes in order to think. It

was very hot. It is just possible that I may have dozed. At any rate, when I opened my eyes "Emerson's Complete Prose Works" had fallen on to the grass. I picked the book up. I decided to give up the essay on History and try something further on. An old

horse always goes best when he is warm; I thought that it might be the same with Emerson. After a few essays, his action would, perhaps, get more easy. I turned to the essay on Love. I caught the words "a private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human



After some more talk he picked up the open book from my seat. "Emerson," he exclaimed. "You reading Emerson—you?"

life." This seemed to me rather more promising, and I read a few more lines, when I heard a step on the gravel drive. I looked up.

It was my Reason for staying at Aunt Mildred's. His name is Henry Smyth. He was wearing the nice, rough, country sort of clothes that men look best in. I do not mean to say that he had not looked well in evening things when I met him in town during the season: in fact, he always looked well. Of course, I pretended not to see him, and went on reading Emerson furiously, without stopping to understand anything.

However, he had seen me, and came across the grass to me. I had to get up and put the book down on the chair. I said: "How do you do, Mr. Smyth? I had not expected to see you."

"But why not? You wrote that you were coming on the fifteenth."

"Oh, did I? I have been here some time. I came on the thirteenth. I really do not remember writing at all. How very hot it is!"

He had my letter in his pocket. He produced it and argued. When I came to look at the letter, I saw that I had really made the figure 3 rather like a 5. So it was not his fault that he had not called before. It is unjust to punish a man for a thing which is not his own fault. So I began to be rather nicer.

After some more talk he picked up the open book from my seat. "Emerson!" he exclaimed. "You reading Emerson—you?"

"Yes," I said. "Of course, I am, as you say, very stupid. Only men can understand Emerson; and the female brain weighs less than the male—you needn't go on. I've heard it all before, and I don't believe any of it; and in any case it's rude."

He made several excuses, and looked more closely at the book. "So you were reading the essay on Love. Oh, I see!"

"I was not," I answered; "at least, not much. I had been reading the essay on History, and then I happened to turn the pages over. I wasn't going to go on with it."

"Why not?" he said. "It's a good essay. Although nothing written touches experience. When a man loves he must feel"—he paused for a word.

"Let's go indoors now," I said quickly, "and get some tea."

But he did not take much notice. He went on talking. The conversation was of a private and confidential character. I had some slight idea before that it would come to that, but I was not expecting it so soon. However, it is quite useless to try to stop Harry. He is one of those men that mostly know what they want, and get it.

Is the reading of "Emerson's Complete Prose Works" the dearest delight in the world?

Well, I tried it one afternoon. And I certainly don't regret that afternoon.

The return of M. Paderewski will doubtless delight musicians and fill St. James's Hall on the occasion of his sole recital this season on June 20, in the afternoon.

The funeral of Edwin Booth, the great American actor, was attended by Mr. Clement Scott, an appropriate representative of the English drama; while Joseph Jefferson was also a prominent figure in the procession. No less than 700 persons connected with the stage did honour to Edwin Booth's memory.

Now Ready.

THE SUMMER NUMBER

OF THE

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EDWIN BOOTH.

In Edwin Booth, who died on June 7, passes away a notable actor and a notable man. He was the son of the well-known actor Junius Brutus Booth. To the American public the elder Booth's name is identified with the history of their stage, to the development of which he materially contributed; but to us on this side of the Atlantic his chief claim to remembrance is his famous contest with Edmund Kean. Bearing a very strong personal resemblance to that great actor, he was engaged by the management of Covent Garden as a counter-attraction to Kean, who was at the height of his reputation at Drury Lane. Kean was clever enough to make his rival break his engagement and come to the opposition theatre; but there his position was soon felt to be untenable, and he returned to Covent Garden. Naturally enough, riots and a bitter paper war ensued, but Booth fairly held his own, and for a few years was a star of some magnitude in this country. In 1821 he went to America, where, with the exception of some short visits to England, he passed the rest of his professional life, dying in harness on Nov. 30, 1852.

Edwin Booth—Edwin Thomas Booth, to give him his full name—was born on his father's farm in Harford County, Maryland, on Nov. 13, 1833. Although not intended by his parents for a stage career, Edwin, while still almost a child, went out with his father as companion, and, as was necessary to so wildly eccentric a personage,

Edwin was a good banjo-player, and could be announced for a banjo solo between the acts of "Richard III." However, in his boundless eccentricity, he shortly afterwards forced his unwilling son to play Richard himself. He was acting at the National Theatre, New York, in 1851, and one night flatly refused to go to the theatre, saying that he felt too unwell to play. Edwin tried all he could to move his father, but without avail; and at last exclaimed in despair: "What will they do without you, father? whom can they substitute at the last moment?" "Go act it yourself," was the curt response. And in the end Edwin did act it, dressed in his father's clothes, which were "a world too wide," and made a great success.

But for the next six years his career was one of struggle, until in 1857 he took, first, Boston and then New York by storm, and made good his claim—or rather, the claim which the managers made for him—to be "the Hope of the Living Drama." There was ample room for him. The elder Wallack was just on the eve of retirement, and the great powers of Forrest were beginning to fail. It was, accordingly, as chief actor of America that he appeared in London in 1861, at the Haymarket, where he made an unfortunate start, and was only beginning to be appreciated when the end of his sojourn here came. On his return to the States, he became lessee of the Winter-Garden Theatre, New York, where, in 1864, he produced "Hamlet," which had the then unheard-of run of one hundred nights. In April 1865 occurred the terrible assassination of President Lincoln by the actor's brother, John Wilkes Booth—an event which darkened all Edwin Booth's life. He retired from the stage for nearly a year, and was with difficulty persuaded ever to return. I believe he vowed never again to enter Washington, where the crime was committed, and kept his vow. At the Winter-Garden Theatre he produced the "legitimate" in magnificent style, and when the house was burned down rebuilt it, and continued his productions. Especially notable were "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "Merchant of Venice," "Winter's Tale," and "Much Ado About Nothing." Financial disaster unfortunately overtook this great enterprise; but the work done in these revivals had its lasting influence on the American stage, and Edwin Booth's fame rests securely on these great achievements as manager and actor.

It will be fresh in the memory of all that he visited this country again in 1881, when a somewhat disastrous start at the Princess's Theatre was converted, by the characteristic magnanimity of Mr. Irving, into a great success at the Lyceum. In 1882 he visited Germany, and won distinguished success in Shaksperian characters.

Edwin Booth's chief characteristics were, as was well said by Mr. Winter, imagination, intuitive insight, spontaneous grace, intense emotional fervour, and melancholy refinement. In personal appearance he was so far unfortunate that he was not of heroic stature, but he had a beautiful face full of expression and power, and his voice was of magnificent quality. He was a most impressive actor, and no one who has seen can ever forget his Hamlet, his King Lear, his Othello, his Riche-lieu, or his Bertuccio.—ROBERT W. LOWE.



Photo by Falk, 249, Broadway, New York.

THE LATE EDWIN BOOTH, THE AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN.

guide. His father seems in a sort of moody way to have opposed Edwin's becoming an actor, and it was by accident almost that he made his first appearance as Tressel, in "Richard III.," on Sept. 10, 1849. It was at the Boston Museum. The prompter of the company, who apparently was the official representative of Tressel, was too busy to take his usual part that night, and the young Edwin, not yet sixteen years of age, was impressed into the service. His father, while not approving of the proceeding, seems to have been determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and called the youngster into his room to see that he was properly dressed and knew his business. He began in a hard and laconic style—

"Who was Tressel?"

"A messenger from the field of Tewkesbury."

"What was his mission?"

"To bear the news of the defeat of the King's party."

"How did he make the journey?"

"On horseback."

"Where are your spurs?"

Edwin glanced quickly down, and said he had not thought of them.

"Here, take mine."

After his scene was finished, he went back to his father's room, and was asked—

"Have you done well?"

"I think so," said the lad.

"Give me my spurs."

He had done well, and managers began to suggest that his father and he should play together, but Junius Brutus would not hear of this. To one eager manager he curtly refused to let his son act, but seriously suggested that

Mr. James Gordon Bennett met with another accident when driving his coach into the courtyard of his residence in the Champs Elysées. He was somewhat severely injured by being thrown from his seat.

A lady has just passed away in the person of Miss Emma Maria Pearson who could certainly share Longfellow's definition of Miss Florence Nightingale—"a noble type of good, heroic womanhood." She volunteered her services as a nurse during the Franco-German War, and carried on her self-denying labours at Sedan, earning many compliments from France, Germany, and Servia.

The Direct Veto Demonstration, which was intended to strengthen the hands of the Government in temperance legislation, had an interested spectator in the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was heartily greeted wherever he was recognised. The procession was of immense proportions, and the concourse in Hyde Park was a most striking scene. Among the speakers at the twenty platforms were Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P., Lady H. Somerset, the Rev. Canon Wilberforce, Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., and many others. About fifty contingents took part in the procession.

To antiquaries the announcement of the formation of a society for printing the chartularies of the Norman abbeys and of their affiliated priories in England will be of considerable interest. They may give valuable information as to the early Norman settlers, and in any case cannot fail to add to our knowledge of that period. The Bishop of Oxford is strongly in favour of the movement, doubtless as an ecclesiastic as well as an historian. A committee, including the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Amherst of Hackney, Mr. Kegan Paul, and others, has been formed as the basis of the new society.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT CHESTER.

To-day (Saturday, June 17) witnesses the opening of the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Chester. Already the quaint old city by the Dee presents a scene of unwonted activity, indicative of the preparations in progress



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

for the great agricultural festival of the year, the importance of which is enhanced by the promised visit of the Prince of Wales and royal party. Although the show-ground stands outside the city proper—about a mile to the north of the general railway station—and the casual visitor might miss the chance of viewing the unique architectural features of the town, no stone has been left unturned to induce strangers to spend a few hours amid its old-world associations. His Royal Highness, who is timed to arrive at Chester at 6.5 on Monday evening, will be accorded a right loyal welcome by the townspeople, who always hail him not only as a representative of royalty, but as the holder of one of the most ancient and cherished titles—the Earl of Chester. His Royal Highness will be the guest of the Duke of Westminster at his noble mansion, Eaton Hall, and, on his arrival at the station, will be met by the

Mayor and Corporation, and presented with a congratulatory address. It was originally intended to hold this ceremony in more elaborate style in front of the Townhall on Tuesday morning, intercepting the royal party on their way to the show-ground, but this idea was abandoned in deference to the express wishes of the Prince, who desires his visit to be as quiet a one as possible. After the presentation of the address and the royal recipient's reply, the distinguished visitors will drive to Eaton, viewing en route the splendid demonstration of welcome by all classes of the community. Rare old Chester, with its many curious relics of a bygone age, lends itself peculiarly to the decorator's art. Its massive walls, which have been the battle-ground not only of the Romans and Saxons, but the subject of less sanguinary though equally spirited contests between the two schools of archaeologists who assert and deny their Roman origin, require nothing in the way of embellishment—"when unadorned, adorned the most." Its gateways, rows, and gabled houses in black and white, which are the delight of the artist and the ubiquitous amateur photographer, will be judiciously treated, care being taken not to obscure the distinctive characteristics of the architecture. On Tuesday night, after spending a day in the show-yard, the royal party will be treated to an aquatic carnival, which in its picturesqueness will almost rival the boasted festivals of Venice. The steamer Bend Or will convey them from a landing stage near Eaton down the Dee to the Chester Groves, where they will be met by the Mayor and Corporation in the twin steamer Ormonde. The whole scene for miles around will be illuminated, the immense flotilla of pleasure boats and barges will be lit up in fantastic designs, and a grand pyrotechnic display has been arranged for in the meadows after dusk.

The show-ground in the suburb of Hoole covers an area of nearly one hundred acres and has been admirably laid out. The main features which strike the observer on his entrance to the enclosure are the royal pavilion, commanding the central avenue; the horse-ring, covering a couple of acres; a grand stand with a well-appointed royal box; and the stewards' pavilion, with accommodation for the honorary director, the Hon. Cecil T. Parker, the Duke of Westminster's estate agent. The royal pavilion is sumptuously furnished, and contains a dining-room, reception-room, two or three ante-rooms, and luncheon-room. It is now thirty-five years since the Royal Agricultural Society paid a visit to the county town of Cheshire. In 1858 the exhibition found a home on the classic Roodee, but at that time it was a much smaller affair than to-day. It is satisfactory to know, however, that that royal show was the most successful up to that year, and, so far as present indications go, the show of 1893 seems likely to leave an equally gratifying record behind it. On this occasion the entries of live stock number 2061, as compared with 1858 at Warwick, 2240 at Doncaster, 1769 at Plymouth, 4014 at Windsor, 1875 at Nottingham, and 1833 at Newcastle. There are 509 entries of horses, 759 of cattle, 631 of sheep, 162 of pigs, 836 of poultry, 568 of cheese, 224 of butter, 34 of other produce, and 130 of hives, &c. It is a foregone conclusion that Cheshire cheese will constitute one of the most important and most interesting departments of the exhibition, the samples



STANLEY PALACE, CHESTER.

on view weighing in the aggregate over thirty-five tons. The Chester local committee offer £540 for prizes for Cheshire cheese alone, and for the past twelve months or more the dairymen and the dairymaids of the county have been hard at work vieing with each other in their endeavours to produce a display worthy of the best traditions of the staple industry of the old county. Headed by the Duke of Westminster and the member for Chester, Mr. R. A. Yerburgh (to



BISHOP LLOYD'S HOUSE, CHESTER.



HOUSES IN BRIDGE STREET, CHESTER.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT CHESTER.



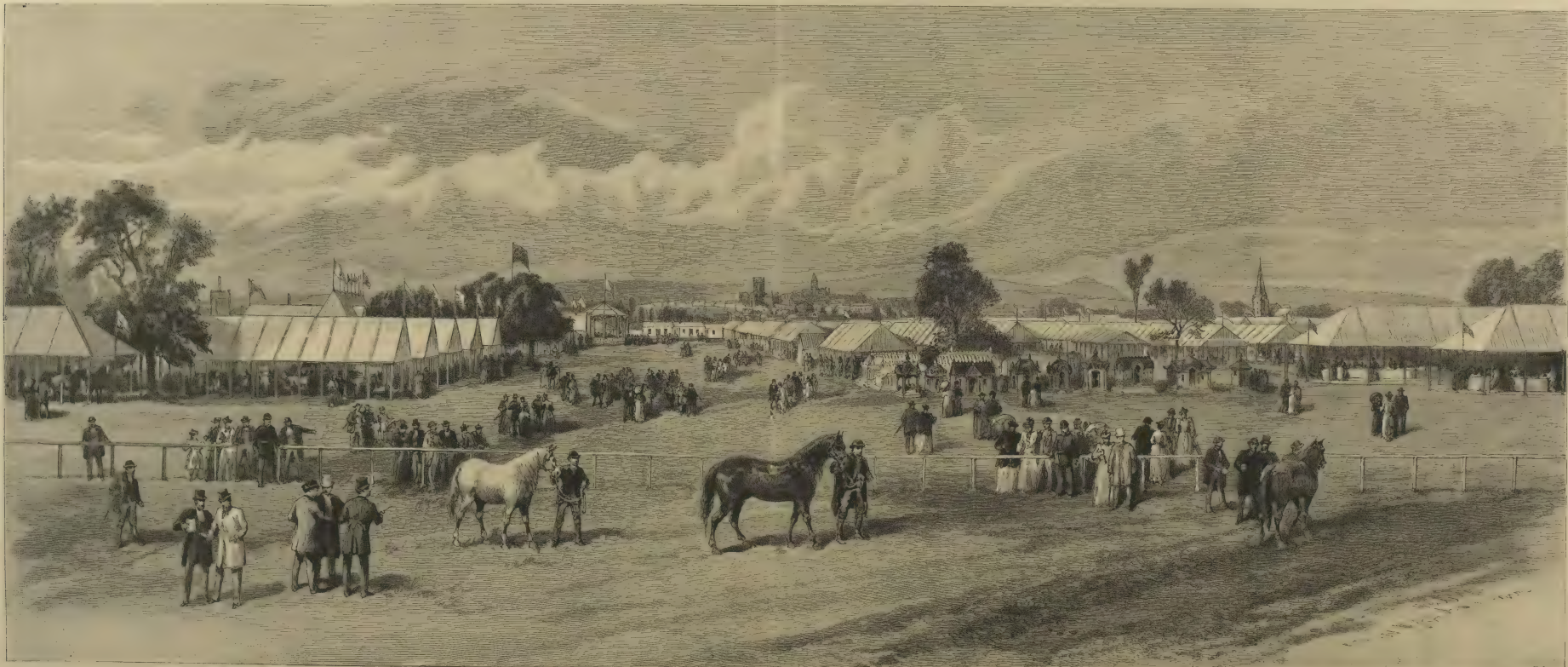
RATTON HALL, CHESTER.



THE CHESTER TOWNHALL.



CHESTER CATHEDRAL.



SHOW-YARD OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT CHESTER.

ART NOTES.

It was a coincidence that unique drawings by John Tenniel should have come under the hammer the very week he was created "Sir." The titular honour does not seem, however, to have augmented the money value of the pastels, for after fifty-five drawings by him and thirty-five by Charles Keene had been abstracted from the so much talked-of "Book of Beauty," as separate lots, there still remained in it five drawings by Tenniel and seventy by "Five-Twelfths," yet it was "gone" at only twelve guineas. "Five-Twelfths" was the pseudonym of Mr. Barratt, a friend of Tenniel, and as Mr. and Mrs. Barratt were physically of the Jack Sprat and his wife order, the former considered his consort very literally the better half, so she was seven-twelfths and he was five-twelfths. Keene was a later recruit, but Tenniel's contributions to Mr. Barratt's volume of "The Ever-so-Many Nights' Tales—not Arabian—containing Most Graphic Illustrations of Beauty, Sentiment, Song, the Drama, History, and All That Sort of Thing, by Sketches after Nature, HIGHLY COLOURED," began in 1844.

The bitterest opponents of the Impressionist school can scarcely hurl abuse at Mr. Francis James, half a hundred drawings by whom are on view at the Dutch Gallery, Brook Street, W. They disarm adverse criticism with regard to draughtsmanship, as outline and form are given quite accurately by direct touch of a full-charged brush used with great dexterity. Whether landscape or flower be his subject, it is treated with extreme breadth. Unlike most of the rapid, embryonic work of the cult to which Mr. James belongs, his drawings are not "without form and void" when inspected at close quarters. In atmosphere and opalescent lights of landscape he is as true and tender as he is strong and decorative in the flowers, whose texture and most delicate modelling are so unlaboured that they seem to come, like Dogberry's reading and writing, "by nature." The six Venetian subjects (9 to 14) are of great beauty; while the rich colour and unaffected character of the floral pieces are found at their best in "Antirrhinum" and "Geraniums and Primula."

Mr. Arkwright has brought his magnificent collection of Oriental ceramics and lacquer from Sutton Scarsdale to London, and, being of opinion that owners of art should allow the public the benefit and pleasure of seeing choice things, he has arranged his treasures in a gallery at 90, College Street, Fulham Road. Here they will be on view every Sunday from two to six till the end of July. His collection must needs make every connoisseur of Chinese porcelain break the Tenth Commandment, for there are exceedingly rare pieces of Chinese ware of the Ming, Kang-Hi, Yung-Ching, and the Keen-lung periods. Of the last-named time there is a

large jar-vase, the blue ground shaded, and forming an elegant design; there are also some exceptionally beautiful reticulated vases of unusual bottle and basket shapes; and among numerous other pieces that make the mouth water is a lovely little vase of canary colour with the rare decoration of sacred fungi in curious purples.

Proprietors of picture galleries have, no doubt, to please the taste of the general public as well as that of artists, critics, and collectors. Possibly, it is better to do this on the turn-and-turn-about system than to cater for all at once. This, at least, must be the reason why the Japanese Gallery holds a score or so of paintings very different in class from what is usually to be found there. Three pictures and one unambitious little drawing are far in advance of the rest. The last-named is of horses kept from a hayrick's sweet sides by a barrier—"Looking and Longing," by Mr. Alfred Strutt. The others are a ploughing scene, "Patient Toil," by Mr. Pickering, whose work is well known at the Academy; a nicely moist effect in air and earth, by Mr. Hughes Stanton, "Weeding after Rain"; and "Among the Fishermen, Boulogne," by Mr. William Norton, who is good in figure-grouping and in the harmony of blue-grey tones.

Close on four hundred water-colours occupy the walls and a screen at the Dudley Gallery, but they testify more to the complaisance of the receivers and the self-complaisance of the executants than to the exaltation of art. Mediocrity would be a courteous term to use, but an authority has said there is no such state, for that which is not good art is bad art. But there are a few drawings there



Photo by Atkinson, Chester.

THE MAYOR OF CHESTER, MR. CHARLES BROWN.

which stand out conspicuously well, and in the forefront of these are Mr. Herbert Finn's scenes on the Whitstable shore. He uses the light medium in its legitimate way, and takes his courage in both hands, for no half-hearted artist would have chosen, or could have carried out so cleverly, the conflicting elements of wind-fanned flame and smoke in mist-laden air across wet sands—"Breaching a Boat." Miss Bernard's "Spring in Italy, near Pistoja," is at once broad, spacious, and clean. Lady Jephson's "A Grey Day" and "The Veil of Mist, Cap à l'Aigle," betoken sensitiveness to



GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE AT CHESTER.

both of whom the citizens are mainly indebted for bringing the show to Chester), the local committee have raised a guarantee fund of £2000, and the prizes offered by them amount to £1440. Some idea of the immense task Mr. Wilson Benison, the society's architect and surveyor, has had in laying out the ground may be gleaned when we



The Old King's Head at Chester.

THE OLD KING'S HEAD AT CHESTER.

gradations of light and atmosphere. Perfection of finish, together with much feeling for colour, are, as usual, in the still life of Mr. Block. Other drawings which serve but to accentuate the low level of the rest are from the hands of Miss Rudd, Mr. Montague Smyth, Mr. Charles Herne, Mr. C. W. Flood, Mr. Prager, Mr. Fred Burgess, and Menta.



THE MILL OF THE JOLLY MILLER OF THE DEE.



THE CHOIR OF CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

state that the shedding in the implement-yard covers an area of 13,018 ft. Saturday is allotted to the judging of implements, and on Monday, when the show proper opens, the adjudication on live stock will be begun in earnest. The prize-list in the cattle-section will, it is anticipated, be completed on Monday, but the entries for both heavy and light horses are so numerous as to demand the attendance of the judges in the ring until Tuesday afternoon. The show concludes on June 23.

"A NEW FEATURE."

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Oh, give me new faces, new faces, new faces!" says the lady in the poem, and no less does the New Journalism pine for "new features." Is there no fresh way of prating on personalities? Can interviewing not be freshened a little? Can futilities not appear in a less familiar mask? "Mr. Prodigers at Home" is growing stale; there is hardly a Prodigers left whose drawing-room and boot-closet have not been described. There must, there shall be, a New Feature, and I humbly venture to believe that I have discovered, or combined out of earlier discoveries, a feature exactly suited to the taste of the silly, the idle, the impertinently curious, and the competitively acquisitive. To publish the invention, of course, is to give it away, but what am I to do? Shall I advertise thus?—

TO EDITORS.—A New Feature. The Undersigned has sketched and patented a New Feature in Journalism. Certain Success! All offers favourably considered. A Royalty on Profits Preferred.

This would be undignified and might not be taken seriously; therefore, let me be generous—let me think of "mental pabulum for a great intelligent reading public," let me consider "the intellectual demands of the million," and give my great idea away, free, gratis, like Dian's kiss.

The feature combines, in deliriously delicious proportions, the charms of the interview and of the competition for prizes. I do not think it is obnoxious to the law, like the missing-word lottery, but editors must here make the due legal inquiries, take counsel's opinion, and accept responsibility. To put it in a nutshell, my new feature makes the Public its own Interviewer. Instead of reading answers to questions put by an interviewer—as, "What is your professional income?" "Do you smoke when you work?" "What do you think of Mr. Rudyard Kipling?" "How do you enjoy being married to your dead wife's sister?" "Where did you get that Russian enamel snuff-box?" "What made you so awfully clever?" "What did you get for your last book?" instead, I say, of merely reading answers to such natural and courteous inquiries, the public shall put the questions itself. This is manifestly a vast improvement. The citizens have a right to know all about everybody, but the things about which the interviewer is curious are not necessarily the things about which the public is curious. There is often disappointment here: the interviewer may be checked by a false delicacy; all things are possible. But the public, in its corporate capacity, has no nonsense of this kind about it.

How, then, are we to find out exactly what it is that the public does want to know, say, concerning Prodigers, or any other "celebrity" of the minute? Obviously, by the great popular principle of the vote, by the plébiscite, as it is called. We have seen this applied in every kind of matter—the best book of the year, the worst book of the year, the best hundred books, the choice of an English Academy of Letters, the selection of a Poet Laureate—all these things have been settled, in the papers, by a popular vote, coupons, and so forth. Apply this to our new feature. The editor selects a distinguished victim—a jockey, a politician, a prize-fighter, a novelist, an artist, an actress, a gentleman who has been in the police-court, a traveller, what you will. He publishes the name of the favoured one and invites all his readers to send in a list of, let us say, ten questions. The principle of the coupon may be used: anyone can send in as many sets of questions as he buys copies of the paper containing the coupon. This is good for the circulation of the serial. Then all the sets of questions are compared; a list is made of those which, on a numerical estimate, seem most truly popular. That selection inevitably embodies the great mute craving of the public—that list holds the questions to which the majority seriously desires an answer. Thus the public becomes its own interviewer, which has a great and obvious advantage over the existing method. But this is by no means all. The competitive element comes in, as in the solution of acrostics or the selection of the best book or picture of the year, or of the Poet Laureate. The happy inquirer whose list of questions, or one of whose lists most nearly approximates to the result of the plébiscite, has his or her name published in print. It may not have been a famous name hitherto; it may

be the name of Alexander Stubbs, Acacia Road, Bayswater; but Stubbs has distanced his rivals, and a glory is thrown on Acacia Road. Moreover, the element of acquisition comes in: there is lucre for Stubbs as well as renown. The prize, whether a cheque or an object of art, goes to Stubbs. I trust this is not illegal. This is not a game of chance, but of intellect, of mental and moral sympathy, and psychological analysis. The mind of the



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

winner must be exactly on the general level: he must be the very type of the average inquisitive ass. This is a question partly of natural stupidity and vulgarity, partly of carefully acquired and studiously trained accomplishment. Like poker, as decided on by the American judge, who had played once and won, our new feature is not a game of chance, so, we presume, the prize may be legally and fearlessly handed over and accepted.

Then the ten questions decided on by the readers of the *Bull's Eye* are put (perhaps by the winner) to the celebrity of the minute, and the answers are published in the *Bull's Eye*. Thus everybody is pleased, except the losers, and they have another chance every week. It may, of course, be urged that the celebrity will refuse to answer—will not stand it. Try him; he generally rises at any fly with a tinsel of advertisement. The only weak point in the new feature is the doubt whether an idea so absolutely banal, so obviously adequate, a method so ingeniously "catering for a great-felt want," has not been employed already. Mighty inventions are in the air, and this one may have occurred simultaneously to several persons of genius.



TROPHY PRESENTED TO THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE 3RD SHERWOOD FORESTERS (DERBYSHIRE REGIMENT).

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

The repair of the spire of the famous St. Mary's, which was the centre of academic life in Oxford in the Middle Ages, has occasioned the keenest interest and discussion in Convocation. Four designs were submitted by the Vice-Chancellor, but it was finally decided to submit the matter to a delegacy of six. Mr. William Morris said that it was desirable to retain the statues, which he claimed as the only fourteenth century work remaining. For these statues he was a thick-and-thin advocate. It is to be hoped that the familiar architectural features of the spire will be preserved. The nave and chancel are of later date than the spire, having been rebuilt by the University towards the close of the fifteenth century. In the south-west porch the statue of the Virgin was erected, and this fact appeared in the indictment of Archbishop Laud. The old Convocation House is on the north side of the chancel, and above it is the Law School, where originally the books of Duke Humphrey were stored. It was St. Mary's bell which used to summon the scholars of past days to meet in arms and defend themselves against the onslaughts of the citizens; while to many St. Mary's will ever recall the wonderful addresses, delivered with such absence of ordinary eloquence and yet with so great effect upon his hearers, by one who afterwards became Cardinal Newman. Few buildings, indeed, are viewed with

so much interest by foreigners and American visitors as this venerable pile.

PRESENTATION TO THE SHERWOOD FORESTERS.

This trophy is a model in silver of a ram standing upon an embossed and chased ground and mounted on a pedestal of ebony with silver badges and shields, the latter engraved on one side with the inscription—

Presented to the Officers' Mess, 3rd Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment), on the formation of the Battalion by the amalgamation of the First Derbyshire Militia with the Second (Chatsworth Rifles), by the officers of the 1st Bn. Derbyshire Militia (5th Bn. Derby Regiment) and the Officers' Mess. April 1, 1891.

The first and last verses of the old and quaint legend of the Derby Ram are also inscribed, as follows—

As I was going to Derby, all on a market day,
I met the finest Ram, Sir, that ever was fed on hay.
This Ram was fat behind, Sir, this Ram was fat before,
This Ram was ten yards high, Sir, indeed he was, and more.

The Butcher that killed this Ram, Sir, was up to his knees in blood,
The Boy that held the pail, Sir, was carried away with the flood;
The tail that grew upon his back was ten yards and an ell,
And that was sent to Derby to toll the market bell.

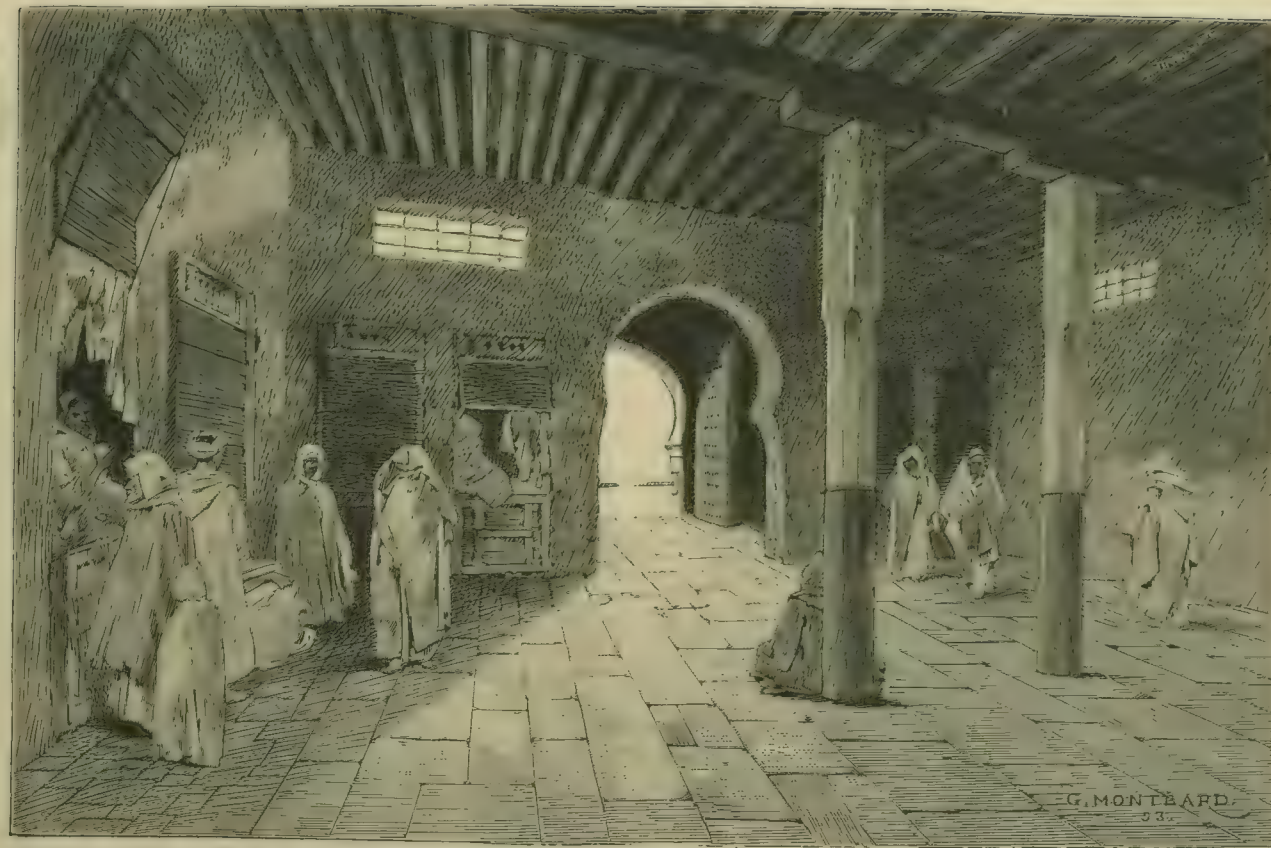
The trophy stands 2½ ft. high, and was modelled and manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, Birmingham.

Professor Bryce delivered on June 10 his last lecture as Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford. The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster reviewed the twenty-three years during which he has held the office. "I have tried," said he, "to teach Civil Law as a practical system full of life." Professor Bryce has impressed a large number of his hearers, who have afterwards entered the House of Commons, with the great importance of mastering the details of his favourite subject, and one of his rewards may lie in the future success in statecraft of the undergraduates of former days.

Mrs. Bishop, the well-known traveller, has been making a very suggestive speech on Mohammedanism. There are, she said, 173,000,000 Mohammedans, and we must not allow ourselves to think of that faith as an extinct or effete creed or as a religion which was dying out and losing force. It was the most aggressive of creeds, even at this day sending out from Cairo every year 400 missionaries who were to be found everywhere in the East, from the northern frontiers of China, and they penetrated even into Equatorial Africa. There were 11,000,000 Mohammedans in China and 100 mosques in Peking alone. It was not to be denied that Mohammedanism had its good parts; but it had degraded women infinitely wherever it had prevailed, and had destroyed the fundamental idea of homo; it had bound thought in fetters of iron and arrested everything in the shape of progress.



A SHEPHERD.



OLD CLOTHES BAZAAR, MEQUINEZ.



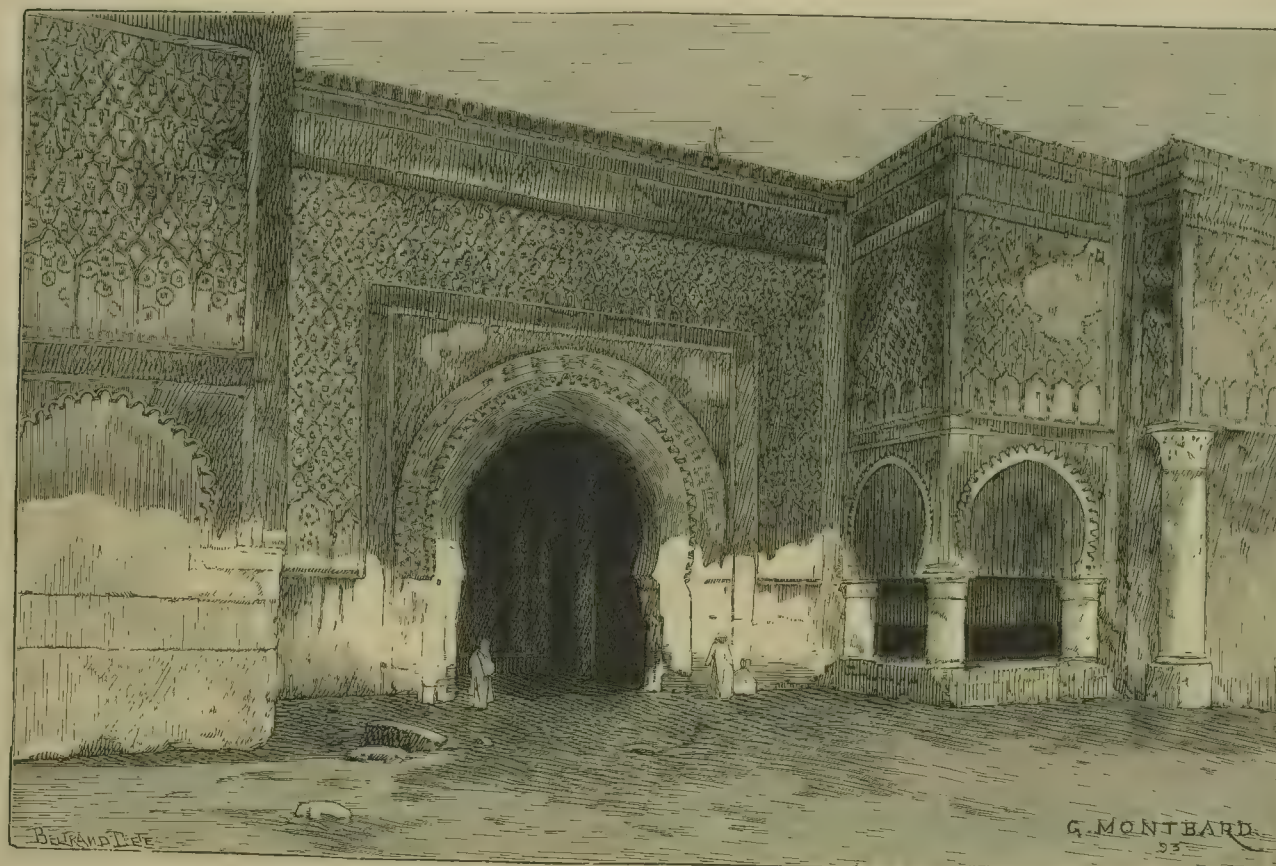
YOUNG NEGRO SLAVE.



MOORISH MERCHANT.



A SLAVE.



DOOR OF THE KASBAH, MEQUINEZ: OUTSIDE VIEW.



A FANATIC.



"DAY DREAMS,"—DAVID CARR.



"UNDER THE BRIDGE,"—C. W. WYLLIE.

PICTURES FROM THE NEW GALLERY.

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HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST AUTHORS.
AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Since the four-and-twenty blackbirds of legendary fame came out of the pie and sang, there have been few feasts so remarkable as that which Mr. Charrington and Miss Janet Achurch have spread at Terry's. Six English authors at one meal—nay, seven if you include Thackeray, invited to season the banquet by Mr. J. M. Barrie! First comes Dr. Conan Doyle with an anecdote which he calls "Foreign Policy," and which introduces a Prime Minister and a Foreign Secretary in private life. The Foreign Secretary is confined to the house by the gout when the head of the Government calls upon him. "The Prime Minister is below," remarks the footman. "Show him up, James," says the Foreign Secretary's wife. You are a little staggered by this nonchalant treatment of an eminent statesman, but when Mr. Herbert Waring appears it is quite clear why he does not overawe Jeanes. He wears whiskers like Mr. Henry Matthews, and a manner hopelessly out of keeping with those appendages. He is absurdly youthful, as if he would say: "I put on whiskers to impress the House of Commons, but when I make a cull I like the footman to understand that I am game for leapfrog." Indeed, this Prime Minister is so frolicsome that he sits in a chair and pretends that he is rowing with a stick. As for the Foreign Secretary, he is turned round his wife's little finger, and induced to agree to his daughter's marriage. The piece is about as good as a hundred "curtain raisers" you can call to mind, and you do not note in it any special flavour of English authorship, except the simplicity of the amateur. It is succeeded by "Bud and Blossom," which Lady Colin Campbell describes as "an up-to-date farce." So modern is this jest that Mr. Fred Thorne, who is supposed to be a London merchant, has all the graces of the old gentleman in the farces of Maddison Morton. In those masterpieces the old gentleman always has a daughter, and always makes a fool of himself, and now he is "up-to-date" he discharges the same obligations with the same scrupulous fidelity. This is not what you expected from Lady Colin Campbell. You have read an interview in an evening paper, in which that dashing *littérateur* declared that the drama alone was the appropriate vehicle of her ambition. You looked for an audaciously unconventional piece of humour, and lo! the bud and blossom are nothing but the withered stalk of the stagiest old joke. Then comes "An Interlude" by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and Mr. Walter Pollock. This is founded on a story by Mrs. Clifford in a volume called "The Last Touches." It is a very clever little story, in which the predicament of a gentleman who is engaged to one woman and infatuated with another is described with much feeling. But in the play, which is performed in the dark, Mr. Herbert Waring totally fails to make you care a button for his anguish of mind when parting with Miss Janet Achurch after a dance. The situation ought to be pathetic, for the lady covers her mortification by proclaiming her resolve to marry somebody else; but you think it is high time for her mamma to appear at the window with an admonishing candle. Two English authors have produced a dramatic incident of such exceeding vagueness that nobody unfamiliar with Mrs. Clifford's story can grasp the drift of it. Fortunately, Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Three Wayfarers" introduces some vitality into the entertainment. Out of one of his Wessex tales Mr. Hardy has made "a legendary trifle" which enlivens your spirits with the humours of a hangman. The sheepstealer who cheats the gallows, and Jack Ketch, who extols his hempen cord in a song, have saved the English authors at Terry's from absolute discredit. Of course it is quite impossible to believe that Mr. Waring has stolen a sheep and escaped from jail. He has the air of a Girondin going to execution, not of a thief at large. But Mr. Charrington is the hangman to the life, and his final dance among the affrighted cottagers is so grotesquely gruesome that you are infinitely cheered by the spectacle.

When a hangman is such agreeable company, this says little for the rest of the entertainers. The dreariest of all, strange to say, is Mr. J. M. Barrie, who has "arranged" a scene from Thackeray, which he calls "Becky Sharp." The immortal Becky would never recognise herself in this travesty. Jos Sedley would be indignant to see his self-importance caricatured by a gentleman made up like Paul Pry. Dobbin would be confounded by this effigy with a bamboo cane, who delivers the famous farewell to Amelia without a particle of that manly sorrow and indignation which excited Becky's admiring wonder. Mr. Barrie's "arrangement" makes nothing resembling a play. He has pieced together one or two episodes, but he depends on your recollection of the original to help him out. George Osborne's treachery to his wife is left mainly to your memory when his love-letter to Becky is put into Amelia's hand. You have to summon up Rawdon Crawley and Lord Steyne and the scene in Curzon Street to follow Becky's snatches of retrospect. And when these memories come flooding through your mind, you expect to see the footlights burn blue, and a gigantic figure with white hair and spectacles stride upon the stage, seize Dobbin's bamboo, and lay it about among the *dramatis personæ*. When Colonel Newcome stalked out of the Cave of Harmony it is related that every man in the room felt as if the Colonel's cane had fallen on his shoulders. Perhaps Mr. Barrie had a similar sensation after his exploit at Terry's; or perhaps he dreaded a worse fate, for the ghost of Thackeray might have snatched him from mortal ken, just as the Statue of the Commander carries off Don Juan. The author of "Vanity Fair" may have had no very exalted opinion of his "puppets," but to see them at the mercy of an inferior showman, and exhibited on the stage for the honour and glory of English authors, might fairly provoke his august shade to a terrible reprisal. There is a tradition at the Garrick Club that a certain member was the only man who could reduce Thackeray to silence. When he entered the smoking-room, the great humourist would break off in the middle of a story, and relapse into taciturnity. Mr. Barrie had better discover the name and the peculiarities of this unknown, and use them as a talisman to ward off the vengeance which is likely to pursue him, should the "scene from Thackeray" at Terry's become known in Hades.

L. F. A.

CHESS.
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Mrs. W. J. BAIRD (Brighton).—We shall be most happy to receive your further contributions. Will you, moreover, favour us with another copy of the accepted one, as the original is mislaid!

P. H. W. (Hampstead).—We do not think you do yourself justice in the two-mover last sent, and you would scarcely thank us to publish it.

REV. A. W. S. ROW (West Drayton).—Q takes R is another way of solving your problem.

J. WRIGLEY (Shaw).—Your problem is neat, but has not enough in it for a two-mover. It would do very well to work into a three-move position.

MARTIN F.—There is no further information. It is neither contradicted nor verified.

DR. F. ST. (Camberwell).—To hand.

E. C. (Old Bailey).—Thanks for communication.

H. VINCENT.—(1) This part of the paper goes to press so early that it is impossible to reply to correspondents the same week that their letters reach us. (2) Both the proposed solutions are incorrect. The position is correctly printed, and will repay further examination.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2559 received from B. K. Roy (Dighapattia) and R. Syer (San José); of No. 2560 from Medicus; of No. 2561 from F. A. Holloway (Grand Rapids, Mich.); of No. 2562 from James Wynn, jun., John G. Grant, and James Clark (Chester); of No. 2563 from J. M. K. Lupton, E. G. Boys, James Wynn, J. Clark, and Edwin Barnish (Rochdale); of No. 2564 from Bluet, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), E. G. Boys, G. Reynolds, R. W. Giles, T. Butcher (Cheltenham), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), E. W. Brook, T. Godfrey, Edwin Barnish, J. Ross (Whitley), E. W. Burnell, John M. Robert (Crossgar), J. M. K. Lupton, A. J. Haggood (Haslar), James Wynn, Odham Club, and H. H. (Peterborough).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2565 received from L. Desanges, E. E. H., H. S. Brandreth, R. H. Brooks, W. Wright, Dr. F. St., J. D. Tucker, Martin F., Bluet, E. W. Brook, C. E. Perugini, T. Roberts, Julia Short (Exeter), James Wynn, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Joseph Willcock (Chester), A. Newman, J. F. Moon, A. J. Haggood, J. M. K. Lupton, W. R. Rallem, R. Womers (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. J. Knight, Alpha, G. Joicey, M. Burke, E. Loudon, Dawn, J. Coad, T. G. (Ware), J. Dixon (Colchester), T. R. Sinclair, and F. Mole (Brighton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2564.—By A. N. BRAYSHAW.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. R to B 4th. Any move.

2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2567.

By B. G. LAWS.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match between Messrs. BIRD and JASNAGRODSKY.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Q Kt to Q 2nd	R to Q sq
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	16. Q R to K sq	Q to Q 2nd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	17. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
4. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	18. P to Q 5th	P to R 3rd
5. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	19. P to R 4th	Kt to R 2nd
6. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	20. P to K 6th	P takes P
7. P to Q R 4th	P to R 4th	21. P takes P	Q to K 2nd
8. P to Kt 5th	Kt to Q sq	22. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B sq
9. Castles	Kt to K B 3rd	23. P to R 5th	B takes P

B to K 3rd, to exchange a piece that will be difficult to bring into play for one that is well posted, is better. From this point Black has the worst of the opening, and his cramped position is never improved.

10. P to Q 4th	Castles	24. R takes B	White loses a piece, and of course the game, but Black's position is too hopeless to save in any case.
11. B to R 3rd	P takes P	25. Much better than taking with Bishop. White now finishes the game in a happy style.	
12. P to K 5th	P takes K 5th	26. R to K sq	Kt takes R
13. P takes P (at Q 5th)	Kt to K 3rd	27. R takes Kt	K to R sq
14. Q to Q 3rd	Kt (at K 5th) to Kt 4th	28. R takes P (ch)	P takes R
		29. B to Kt 2nd (ch), and wins.	

The *British Chess Magazine* for June is as interesting as usual, the chief article being a vigorous attack by Mr. James Mason on some of the fallacies of modern chess. The one most particularly assailed is the notion that book-learning is essential to either good play or the enjoyment of the game; and in these days, when works on the openings are poured so lavishly on the public, it is pleasant to find a prominent player boldly questioning the value of what he calls "the mere analytical excursions" which go to make up the bulk of such books.

On Saturday, June 3, at the headquarters of the Chess Bohemians, Old Bailey, Mr. Curnock played eight simultaneous games blindfold against the same number of strong opponents. After three and a half hours' contest, carried on by Mr. Curnock with striking rapidity, he won three games, drew three, and lost two; an admirable performance under the conditions.

We learn from the *Herefordshire Times* that, following the fashion prevailing in chess no less than in other circles, that Mr. F. J. Lee has made arrangements for an extended trip through the United States, and that his many friends and admirers have seized the occasion for presenting him with a testimonial before his departure.

The *Manchester Weekly Times* problem competition has resulted in another success for Mrs. W. J. Baird, who takes first prize.

The following problem by G. Heathcote, of Manchester, was awarded third prize in the *Hackney Mercury* tournament—

White: K at K 8th, Q at Q Kt 7th, R at K 5th, Bs at Q sq and K R 8th, Kt at B 3rd, Ps at Q Kt 3rd, Q R 7th, K B 7th, and Q B 5th and 6th.

Black: K at Q 5th, Rs at Q 6th and Q R 4th, B at Q R 6th, Ps at Q 7th, and K B 5th and 6th. White to play and mate in two moves.

A NEW STORY,
By GILBERT PARKER,
"THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD,"
Will be Commenced in our Issue for July 1.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.
BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I suppose it is only ventilating a truism to say that we live in an age of "fads," and that of all fads, probably the most numerous are those which refer to the question, "What should we eat and what should we drink?" I know an elderly gentleman, for example, who is sorely perplexed about the quantity of fat which it is proper to eat, and about the exact form and shape in which the fat should be taken. He worries himself perpetually over this fat-question, and I verily believe it occasionally robs him of his rest at night, so ominous does it appear to his mental view. I know another person who is following out another and a more recent food fad—namely, abstention from bread and all starchy foods, and who is attempting to make life go easily on nuts and fruits. This, I think, is the latest fad in the nutrition line. The vegetarians have come, metaphorically, to blows over this departure. Some of them, while eschewing the butcher and all his belongings, take milk, cheese, and eggs—not at all a bad representation of animal food, by the way. Others, more rigid, will take nothing but vegetable foods; and now comes the heresy that all starch is bad, that the cereals are to be renounced, and that, by living on fruits and nuts, we may return to "Nature's food." I observe the advocates of the nut and fruit dietary are singularly liberal, however, in their ideas. When you can't digest nuts, milk and curd, or mild cheese, and eggs are to be used instead; and fish and flesh are allowable when eggs and milk do not agree—only you are not to touch starch in any form. Bread is no longer the staff of life. It has been deposed from its respectable place and position among our foods; and all other starchy substances are to be avoided—such is the latest fad in foods.

When will those well-meaning enthusiasts who are so fond of dictating to other people what they should and should not eat and drink learn the first great lesson of science and common-sense—that food, like everything else in this world, must be judged and regarded from the standpoint of relativity? "What is one man's meat is another's poison" is a saying which, in a rough-and-ready way, embodies this truth of relativity. To attempt to put us all, figuratively, into a common cast-iron mould, and to insist upon one class or kind of diet as suitable for everybody, is about as rational a proceeding as to insist that we should all possess the same colour of hair or the same stature.

Of what the faddists do with science I can speak from a tolerably long experience of their ways. A man starts an idea, say, about the proper food of humanity, and runs it to the death, according to his own lights. Later on he begins to find that certain awkward facts do not square with his theory. Then he comes to science to inquire what it has to say to his fad. He finds that science deals with its subjects in a broad catholic spirit, marshalling its facts and drawing its conclusions without prejudice or prepossession. This does not suit him, for he finds, as often as not, that science will not support his special opinions. Then, by way of escape, he alleges that science supports his views, when in reality science has said little or nothing at all in favour of his one-sided policy. Far am I from saying that a man should not have a hobby apart from his daily toil; but a hobby—it may be a garden, or music, or literature, or science, or any other form of culture—is not a fad. The hobby is a means of mental or physical enjoyment which makes the man a better citizen and a more contented mortal. It is not an aggressive thing like the fad, and it seeks in a quiet way to influence others by example alone. Again I say, "Deliver us from fads," because they mostly represent ideas gone astray, by reason of their owners not seeing that everybody cannot eat, drink, or think alike, and that each of us is really a law unto himself in most of the affairs of existence.

Speaking of fads reminds me of a startling statement made lately in the pages of a contemporary by Mrs. Ernest Hart. That lady says that in England the home is rendered miserable and unhappy by the ill-temper of its inmates. This extraordinary declaration, which, of course, begs the whole question to begin with, is followed by another equally startling. Mrs. Hart adds that meat-eating is the cause of the ill-temper of the English home. She cites "less meat-eating France," where "urbanity is the rule of the home," and fish and rice-eating Japan, where "harsh words are unknown," in support of her contention. This lady concludes with an admirable platitude, not novel certainly, but as excellent as a copybook maxim: "The healthful thing to do is to lead an active and unselfish life, on a moderate diet, sufficient to maintain strength and not to increase weight." Precisely; that is what we are all trying to do. I am afraid, however, the renunciation of meat will not aid the advent of this social millennium. Mrs. Ernest Hart, in plain language, has hit upon another nice little fad.

When France and Japan are compared with England, is the comparison a just one?—on the meat question alone, I mean. I am not prepared to admit that a Frenchman consumes less meat than an Englishman, to begin with. His bill-of-fare is more varied; but I question whether the amount of flesh he consumes is actually less than that disposed of by the average Briton. Again, why does Mrs. Hart attribute the (theoretical) unhappiness and temper of an English home to the butcher's shop alone? Suppose she is right—and I am very far from admitting the truth of any such libel on British homes and British tempers—have racial differences nothing to do with the variations between one nation and another? I should say the food is only a condition in the matter, if it be a condition at all, and not a cause. The French are said to be more polite than the English. Superficially they are: is this politeness a result of a vegetable diet? or is it not rather a racial feature common to the Latin races at large, and in them more pronouncedly developed than in the Teutonic stock? Surely, even if actual disease may and does follow excessive flesh-eating, that is quite another thing from asserting that English homes are unhappy or that English tempers are due to the impaired assimilation of meat-foods. Mrs. Hart, I am afraid, must be recommended to revise her opinions.



MAPLE AND CO.'S PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

THE INFLUENCE OF COMMERCE.

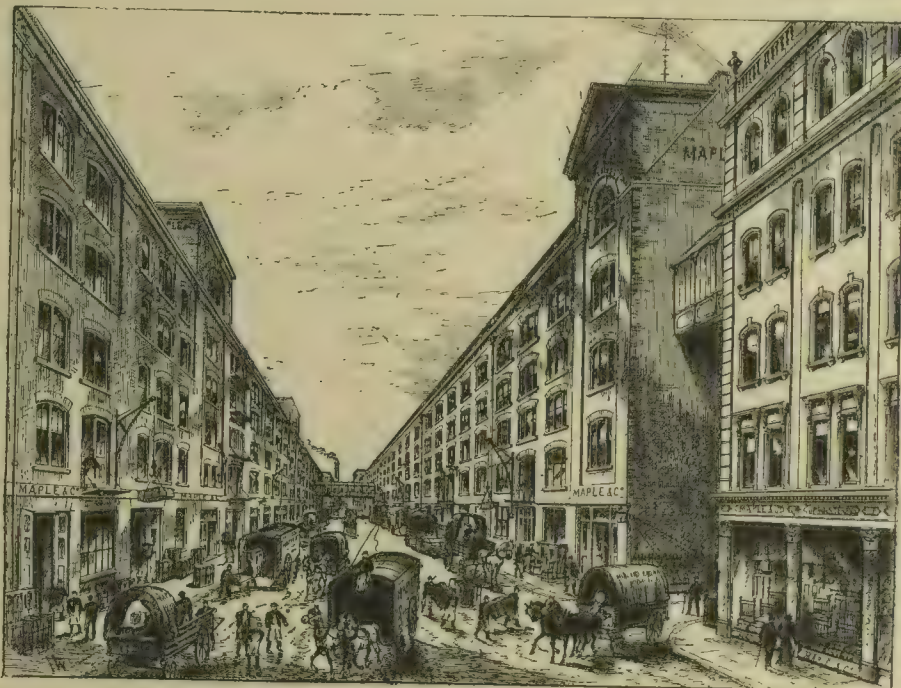
It has been said that he who makes two blades of grass to grow instead of one is a public benefactor, and it is equally true that great trading enterprises, fostering and developing important industries, and thus providing healthy as well as remunerative employment for large numbers of workers, may be regarded as important factors primarily in our local commercial, and ultimately in our national, prosperity and well-being.

This is especially so when, as in many instances, the creation and expansion of a business to unusually large dimensions have led not only to the formation of a great centre of industry, but also to the erection of handsome piles of buildings, replacing

dingy, dilapidated, and often insanitary dwellings of a bygone type by attractive and pleasing architectural features. This is precisely what has been done by the great furnishing house of Maple and Co., Limited, in Tottenham Court Road. The once comparatively insignificant shop, opened more years ago than most of

us care to remember, has been amplified, extended, and increased till it has developed into the handsome blocks of buildings whose ruddy tones give colour and warmth to the northern end of Tottenham Court Road, and then, returning, occupy the whole of the north and south sides of both Tottenham Place and Southampton Court, reappearing in the Euston Road, with the grand new red-brick elevation, extending from Beaumont Place onward—breaking out again in Gower Street, and with yet another long range in Grafton Street, where it includes the stately edifice so long the home of Dr. Williams's library; while there are also, besides the great yards, where huge stacks of timber are ripening for use, numerous great factories and workshops fitted up with every modern labour-saving appliance. These latter are regarded as the most convenient, well-lighted, and appointed in London. With nearly twenty acres of premises, Maple and Co. may safely and easily claim their right to their well-known designation as "the largest furnishing establishment in the world."

Some great businesses have been formed by the aggregation of a number of different trades—by adding clothing, drugs, grocery, fruit, and a thousand and one different items, but in this instance it has been simply the growth of the natural and legitimate constituents of house furnishing. To this Maple's confine themselves—and, using the word in the sense of completeness, they may be regarded as perfect house furnishers—supplying, and in many instances manufacturing, every item, large or small, for the entire equipment of a home, or, for the matter of that, guiding one to the selection of a home, and then decorating and furnishing it. No doubt this has been, and is, an important factor in their success, and that their customers recognise that they are dealing with men who have not only acquired a high commercial reputation but who, from their training and practical experience, are competent to advise upon every detail in modern furnishing and to recom-

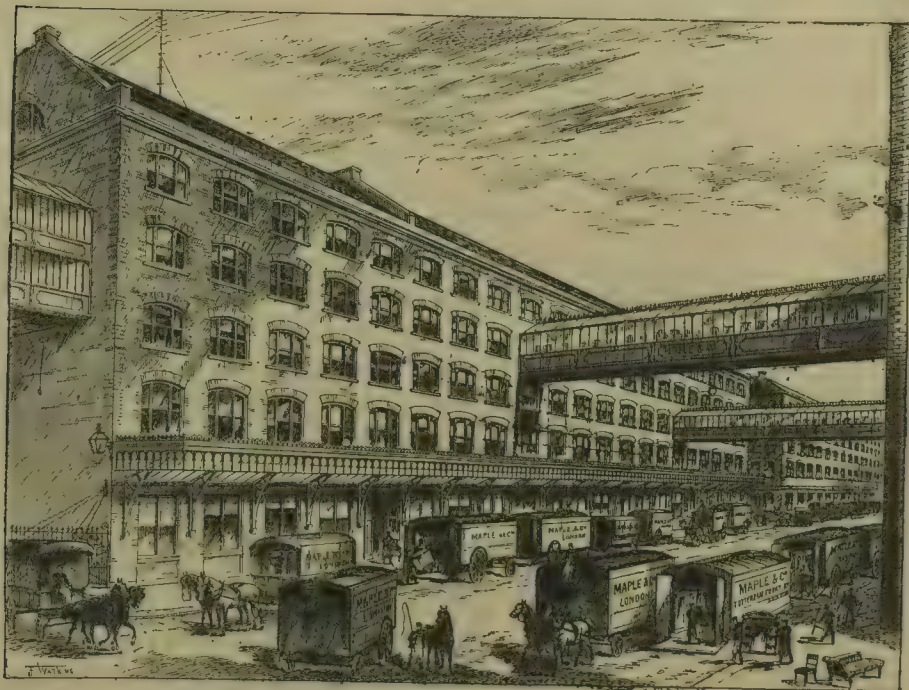


MAPLE AND CO.'S FACTORIES, SOUTHAMPTON COURT (BOTH SIDES).



MAPLE AND CO.'S NEW FRONTAGE IN EUSTON ROAD.

mend that which is appropriate as well as essential, whether it be for the initial home-nesting of the young couple who have but a modest hundred pounds or so to spend, or for the fitting-up of the mansion of a millionaire, the palace of an Emperor, or the sumptuously appointed nineteenth-century hotel. Nor do Maple and Co. merely enjoy a local celebrity for their wares. It is no extravagance of language, no "inflated fable," to use a recent phrase, to say that there is scarcely a town or village in the United Kingdom, on the continent of Europe, or in fact, throughout the civilised world, where some of their productions are not in use. Nor is this all. From many a far-away forest come the floats bringing timber to be made into shapely and artistic furniture in their busy factories—scarce a vessel leaves Smyrna for England without carrying consignments of Eastern carpets for their customers—beneath sunny Continental skies thousands of nimble fingers are deftly weaving dainty fabrics for the adornment of the homes of their patrons—it may, indeed, be said that there is no seat or centre of ancient or modern industry in connection with the furnishing and decoration of an English home whose productions do not find a market in the series of great warehouses and show-rooms in Tottenham Court Road.



MAPLE AND CO.'S SHOW-ROOMS IN TOTTENHAM PLACE (NORTH SIDE).



MAPLE AND CO.'S SHOW-ROOMS IN TOTTENHAM PLACE (SOUTH SIDE).

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There are many parties in common use in America that we know nothing of, and many little customs of their hospitality that have not spread into our midst. In some cases it seems a fortunate fact that these notions have not been taken up. "The surprise party" would be anything but a pleasant surprise to many precise mistresses of houses. It is a country institution, and implies that the guests, "surprising" their hosts, must carry with them all their own materials for their enjoyment, and simply ask the involuntary hostess for house or garden room and her own society. The party is organised in advance like a picnic: each guest is to bring a fixed contribution to the commissariat and a certain proportion of the other needful requisites. Sufficient conveyances are ordered for the party, and off they go, to dine as best they may on some lawn, or in some big kitchen or hall in the country, at the house of a friend who has had no warning of what is to come, and therefore cannot have been troubled at all to get ready. The notion is that she will be delighted at having a party without any trouble or expense: but how many circumstances the housewifely mind can at once think of that would make such an incursion the most awkward thing in the world!

A prettier custom is that of giving "favours" to the guests at luncheon and dinner parties, for them to take away in memory of the occasion. Often these are merely flowers, perhaps in holders of pretty appearance. Often they are sweets, of which Americans eat many more than we do, put in some novel and decorative little box or case. The sweets are eaten at dessert, and the case taken away as a memento. When a luncheon party is given in honour of some distinguished guest, the favours are made to symbolise the art by which the celebrity is distinguished. The favours for an author will be like little volumes, lettered on the back with the names of some of his chief works. If the guest be a musician, the particular instrument will be represented in boxes of card, covered in silk—brown for a violin, pale yellow for a guitar, and so on. Only too often, however, the ostentation which is so generally fatal to easy and frequent hospitality makes its way into this practice—as it does here with the "favours" given in the cotillion. At some luncheon parties costly silver articles are used, either as menu-holders or to contain sweets or flowers; and at one dinner that I heard of a famous artist was engaged to paint an original water-colour picture on the reverse of each menu card, the expense of inducing him so to employ his talents being naturally heavy. There is a droll little tale of how a hostess recently had a painful experience arising out of this practice. She possessed a set of ten tiny *repoussé* silver salt-cellars, that she had lately had sent from Europe, and she gave a luncheon party to ten ladies, by each of whose plates she had a salt-cellar put. Unfortunately, however, the servant forgot to fill them with salt, and, as the name-cards were laid over the tops, the hostess did not notice the omission. When the company was seated, a lady lifted her name-card to

look for the salt, and found the empty little receptacle. She at once concluded that it was a "favour," and before the horrified hostess could recover herself and explain, all the other guests were in such ecstasies of admiration and thanks that the poor woman could not find courage to disclaim the generous intention. So all the guests put the little articles in their pockets when they departed, except one, who had no pocket, and she sent her maid round next day for her little pot.

Ladies' luncheon parties, by-the-way, are almost unknown in England, but are frequent here. The American men seem all to work; the large leisured class of men with independent incomes in England, who either do no work at all, or are engaged in some light and early finished occupation, is unknown here, where even a very wealthy man seems to consider it a point of honour to work hard and long at a business. It follows that all the men are busy all day, and all social events till nightfall are confined to women. Besides, women do here take an initiative and an independent position that we do not achieve. So ladies' parties are frequent. At afternoon parties in London, indeed, men are scarce by comparison with ladies, but in the States men are absolutely invisible amidst the feminine skirts. In other ways American afternoon parties strike the English eye as strange. They often wear evening dress at such parties. I was astonished at the first afternoon party that I went to at finding my hostess and the majority of her visitors in pale silks and brocades, with low necks and short sleeves, and fans, under the garish light of four o'clock on a bright afternoon. The greater heat of this country may account to some extent for the practice, and it must be understood that other guests besides myself were clad in ordinary visiting dresses, so that to don low necks by daylight is optional and not compulsory. But it bears a somewhat ghastly appearance to see the combination of the two styles in the daylight. The hostess provides a variety of iced fruit syrups. Sometimes finely minced iced fruit is given in the cups with abundance of syrup, and this is eaten with a teaspoon. Sometimes the juice alone is supplied.

On an introduction being made, it is customary for each lady to repeat the name of the person to whom she is presented. A curious function is that called a "reception," offered to a distinguished stranger. The special visitor and the hostess stand all the time at the door, side by side, and each guest is presented on arrival to the celebrity. A separate smile and an endeavour to express some personal interest in each newcomer is required by politeness from the lion of the occasion. Public receptions of this character are given sometimes—that is to say, the members of a large literary or charitable society or club will invite all their friends to come to meet a celebrated foreign guest, and then for two or three hours, callers file past a string of receiving hostesses. The visitor's name is given to the first lady on the rank, and she repeats it to her next neighbour, the celebrity, of course, being found at an early stage of the receiving line. There is no time for even brief talk. It is a mere panorama of faces, a babble of sound.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A Church paper learns "with infinite regret" that an advertisement for a priest to work in a "thoroughly interesting" slum parish brought only four applicants; while another advertisement for a chaplain on a year's yachting cruise brought no less than four hundred men, "all ready to leave hearth and home to go on a pleasure trip." It would be discouraging to believe that there is increasing difficulty in getting men to take really hard places.

Bishop King is now obliged by the state of his eyesight to preach extempore. The Bishop is always effective, but his sermons in the early days of his Oxford professorship will never be forgotten by any who heard them. They were as remarkable for the polish and felicity of their style as for earnestness and depth of thought.

The Rev. J. Sheepshanks, Bishop-designate of Norwich, has withdrawn from his membership of the English Church Union. At the annual meeting of the Union, to be held to-day (June 17) the following resolution was to be proposed: "That this meeting, in support of the resolution adopted on May 16 by the archbishops, bishops, and clergy and lay representatives from all the rural deaneries in England and Wales, pledges itself to do everything in its power to resist the measure now before Parliament dealing with the position and endowments of the Church in Wales, or any other measure for the secularisation of property once dedicated to the service of Almighty God." The new Bishop, if in any degree a follower of Mr. Gladstone, would find it very difficult to vote for such a resolution.

It is good news that Prebendary Eyton, one of the best and most popular preachers in London, has a new volume of sermons in the press.

I am glad to learn that Dr. Hort's valuable collection of pamphlets has not been scattered. It will be thoroughly sifted by-and-by. Professor Ryle explains that his books were largely bought by Cambridge residents. Still, it seems unfortunate that the tools of such a workman should have been scattered.

A newly published volume, "Pleasant Memories," by Dr. Pryde, gives some interesting reminiscences of the Disruption in Scotland. Dr. Chalmers, in a country church, is thus described: "I saw him in the church on the Sunday sitting simply and placidly among the humble worshippers. The vision is distinctly before me as I write—the massive grey head, the heavy features perfectly still, and the slumbrous expression in the big eyes. It was the fiery furnace smouldering; it was the forest king reposing in his lair."

The Scotch expression for joining the seceding party was "comin' oot." Dr. Pryde once heard a workman say, "I cam' oot with my minister; noo I ken nae difference o' preachin', but a hantle difference o' the gi'ein'." A newspaper writer took advantage of the phrase to make a joke. "We understand," he said, "that Mr. So-and-So, the chaplain of the jail, has joined the Free Church, and that all the members of his congregation are anxious to come out with him." V.

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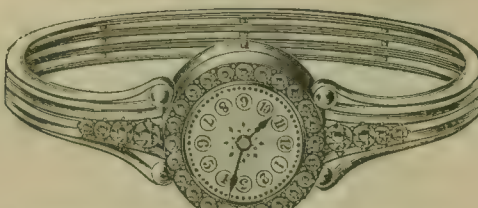
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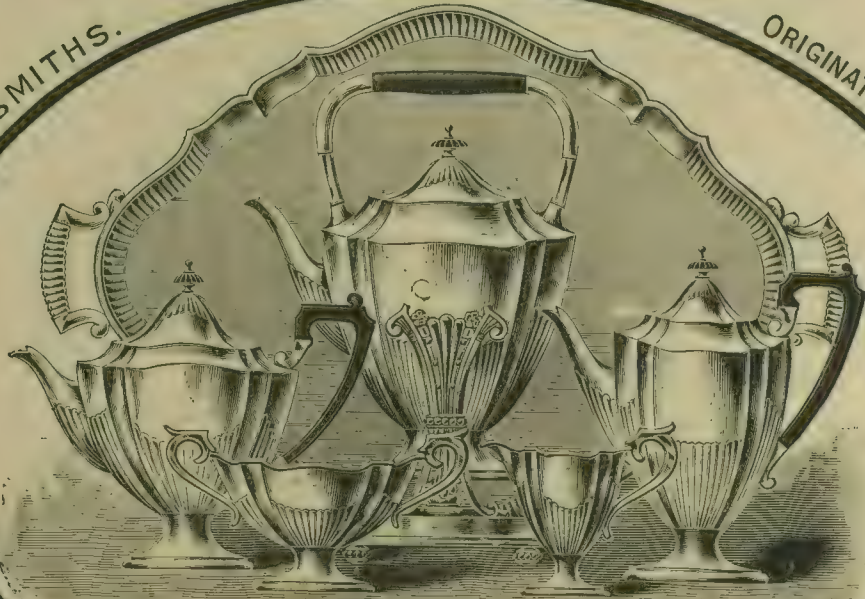
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Coffee and Tea Service.	£9 16s. 6d.	£25.
Tea Kettle (2-quart).	£7 7s.	£21.
Trays and Waiters made to match.		

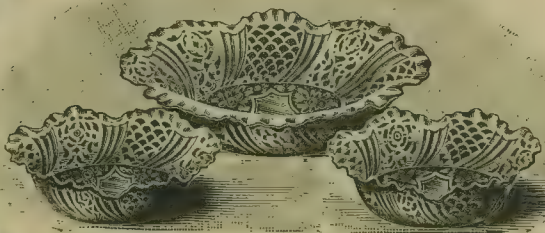
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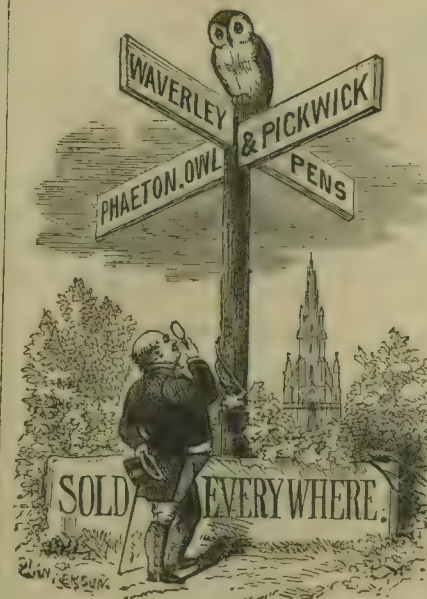
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REDUCED PRICES—1 lb., 3s. 4d.; ½ lb., 1s. 9d.; ¼ lb., 11d.

"IS STILL THE BEST COCOA."

THE MORAL TEACHING OF SHAKSPERE.

BY EDWARD DOWDEN.

Shakspeare was no retailer of the petty wares of morality, made up in neat parcels for the use of small investors. From him the wisdom of life enters into us as health comes to us from the sun and the sea. We receive no little code of rules; we hear no shrill preaching of doctrines; we are not tied or trammelled in a system. But through him we are touched by those good forces of the world, which are also the divine forces; we feel the deeper influencings of life; and before we know that we have been pupils and disciples, the Master has helped to make us men.

In the first place, we rejoice that our wisest master of life was not, in the narrower sense of the word, ascetic. Ascetic, in the true sense of that word, he was, for asceticism rightly means discipline, exercise, like that of an athlete in training; severe it may be, but why should such exercise not also be joyous? And Shakspeare helps to make us feel that the real school of discipline, the best ground of exercise for athletes, who would contend for the highest prizes, is not the cloister or the conventicle, but life itself in all its variety, in all its plenitude, with all its trials, difficulties, temptations. He can, indeed, assign a place in our moral training to retirement, such as Prospero's, for the "bettering of the mind." But Prospero, when he has attained mastery, resumes the cares and the duties of manhood, and returns from the island of wonder and enchantment to his dukedom of Milan. "The Tempest" is, perhaps, Shakspeare's latest play. His first original play is probably "Love's Labour's Lost," and there he shows us a band of aspiring youths who would fain seek for perfection of character by inclosing themselves from the common forces of the world in a little school of artificial culture; and at the same time he shows us the failure and fatuity of such an experiment. Shakspeare, as a teacher, sends us from doctrinaire inclosures to life itself; there or nowhere must we learn the lore that will stand us in stead when joys and sorrows put us to the test.

He directs us to life, and at the same time he widens and deepens and purifies our vision of life. This, indeed, is the function of all great poets, and Shakspeare, as the greatest of his kind, fulfils the function with the highest success. As we live from day to day we too often become dull to life itself; we move among accidents and circumstances, and almost forget the essentials; the dust of the world gathers; we are apt to grow full of weariness, ennui, shallow cynicism. Then one day some high joy, some great sorrow comes and we see things clear and in their true proportions. We perceive the meaning of action, we perceive the meaning of love; we see the radiance from heaven that strikes upon the path of our earthly way-faring; we recognise the angels whom we have entertained unawares. Such is the lesson, such is the revealing power of great joys and sorrows. And something of the same power proceeds from works of high imagination. They purgo our sense of sight as with perhaps, in truth, an Imogen is by our side, and we are but sacred euphrasy. They interpret for us the significance of birth and death, of gladness and grief; they reopen for

us the sources of laughter and of tears. Who pleads through the centuries on behalf of old age with such power as Lear? Who bids us know what youth is, with all its agitating hopes and fears, more imperatively than Romeo? Who interprets for us a mother's grief like Constance? Who illuminates sacrificial love more than Cordelia? Who tells us more of wifely fidelity than Imogen?

To quicken our feeling for life in this way is better than all preaching. To communicate ardour is more than to utter a thousand moralities. But in communicating ardour the universal poet will at the same time preserve us from extravagances. If we are wise in the lore of life, it is well that we should wear our wisdom lightly. All would be spoilt by the presence of perpetual strain. And Shakspeare, in whom lives the genius of comedy, forever plays upon our spirits with his saving common-sense. He pierces through hypocrisies, unrealities, affectations; and he rebukes extravagance. One of the true heroic temper, like Shakspeare's Henry, even on his glorious field of Agincourt, can enjoy the humours of Williams and Fluellen. When Imogen in a rapture embraces the husband who had wronged her, she does so not with an ecstatic tirade but with a playful word. And Portia can mask her deep content in Bassanio behind the lovers' quarrel of the rings. It is well if we can be graceful victors over even our excess of joy. And as to sorrow, how often Shakspeare at once heightens and tempers its power by bringing it into juxtaposition with what is humorous! The world is a big affair, in which comedy and tragedy have both space wherein to move, and strange are their meetings ever and anon. If we see many things, and see each thing on its various sides or facets, we can hardly grow extravagant or unreasonable; and Shakspeare is very careful that his disciple shall acquire this large and exact power of vision. But, it may be said, Shakspeare's teaching is all of this world. Well, supposing so, has this world been divorced from the deep abyss in which it lives and moves? Do not heaven and hell exist here in earth—hell in the breast of an Iago, who devours the dust and stings; heaven in the heart of a Desdemona, who knows not how to pronounce the name of that which her husband supposes her to be? We make too much of here and hereafter; the world's celestial and infernal are with us now in this our present habitation. And Shakspeare helps to bring this fact home to us, and helps us to distinguish between those worlds of good and ill. He does not, indeed, rashly attempt to lift the veil of death. He brings the lives of men to their earthly close, and "the rest is silence." But perhaps one who should attempt more than this, in fact, achieves less. Though it contain much of beauty, much of deep suggestion, is there not after all something of melodrama or of sacred pantomime in a "Dream of Gerontius" or an ascent of Faust through the troops of the celestials? Melodrama does not greatly help the soul in its hour of need. But, brought to the close, and there with powers of intellect, heart, conscience—so out of proportion to their earthly sphere—snatched from our view, the actual life of man utters a deep vaticination of the life beyond, in which the broken fragment of the arc shall be rounded. So the greatest artist will state the problem; and so, in the way of life itself, he will suggest the solution.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN HUDSON.

Lieutenant-General Sir John Hudson, who had only recently succeeded the late Sir James C. Dormer as Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, was thrown from his horse at Poona on June 9, and died immediately. He was the eldest son of the late Captain J. Hudson, R.N., and was born in 1833. After education at the Royal Naval School, New Cross, he entered the Army in 1853. He was present at the first relief of Lucknow. He also took part in the Abyssinian campaign, in the Afghan War, 1878-80, and in the advance on Cabul. He commanded the Indian contingent in the Sudan in 1885. His sudden decease, so soon after the equally sudden death of his predecessor, has cast considerable gloom over the Presidency.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. F. Gunton, a former Vicar of Crewe Green, Cheshire, recently.

The Ven. William North, Archdeacon of Cardigan, and Rector of Llangedmore, on June 7, aged eighty-five.

Duke Max Emmanuel of Bavaria, a younger brother of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, on June 12, aged forty-four.

The Most Rev. Christopher Augustine Reynolds, D.D., Roman Catholic Archbishop of Adelaide since 1887, on June 12, aged fifty-nine.

A marriage of considerable interest took place on June 10 in St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride was the Hon. Audrey St. Aubyn, second daughter of Lord St. Levan, and the bridegroom was Mr. Sydney Ponsonby, third son of the Hon. Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, Comptroller of Accounts in the Lord Chamberlain's Department.

The enthusiasm with which Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and his bride were received on their official entry into Sofia was increased by the fact that the Princess responded in the language of her subjects to an address of welcome. The city was lavishly decorated, and on all sides there was the heartiest reception to the royal pair.

Lord Onslow, who since his return from New Zealand has lost no time in taking up various departments of useful work, brought to the notice of the House of Lords an experiment which had been tried in the Cook Islands. He appointed a Resident in these seven islands, which have a population of 7350, and his object was to induce the British Government to make a more vital connection between the Resident and Downing Street than at present exists. However, as the New Zealand Ministry exercise authority over the Resident, the Marquis of Ripon thought an alteration might be considered as disagreeable. The Cook Islands have many curious features about them with which the Earl of Onslow greatly interested the Peers. Law and order hardly seem to be held in such high esteem as could be desired, for there is one policeman to every dozen of adults. All fines are collected by and distributed among the members of the police force, so that in the Cook Islands a policeman's life should be "a happy one."

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Of Excellent Value.	Thoroughly Good Tea.	Of Great Strength and Fine Quality.	The May Pickings covered with Bloom.	A most Delicious Tea.

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You have simply to send your Order by Post, and on the day following receipt of same the Teas you select are Delivered at your own Doors, anywhere in the Kingdom, Carriage Paid. They are packed in useful 7, 10, 14, or 20 lb. Canisters, or in Chests of 40, 65, or 100 lb.

No Charge for Canisters or Chests.

You have absolutely nothing more whatever to pay beyond the Prices quoted. You will find the DELICIOUS QUALITY and Flavour to be even beyond your expectations; your CUP OF TEA will be the LUXURY OF THE DAY; and you will wonder why you have not dealt

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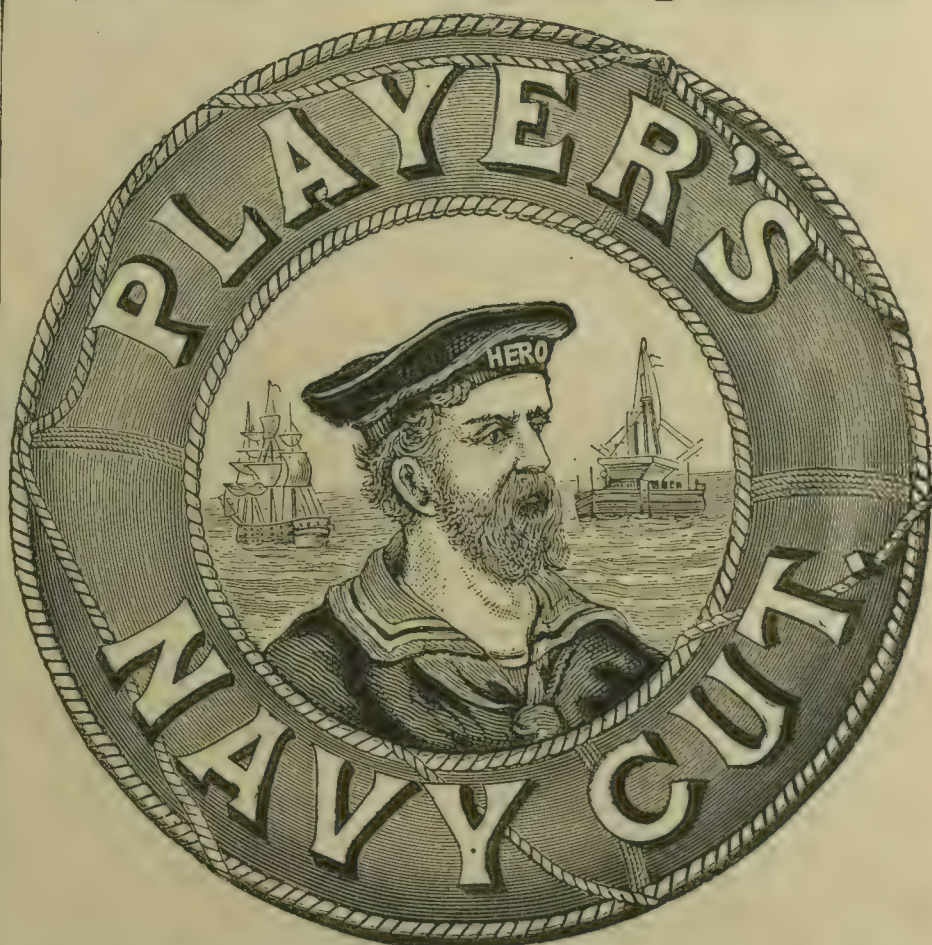


THE FAULKNER DIAMOND, being a hard Crystal, will stand any amount of wear, is most beautifully cut and faceted by the first lapidaries of the day. The purity and dark rich fire of these stones are unsurpassable, and infinitely superior to many expensive real gems of inferior quality. The great reputation of the FAULKNER DIAMOND is now well known all over the world. The stones are set in gold and silver by most experienced setters, and can be mounted side by side with the finest brilliants. They are patronised for Court and all great occasions. Thousands of Testimonials can be seen from all parts of the world. The public are cordially invited to inspect the marvellous selection now on view, which we guarantee will surpass most sanguine expectations.

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Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.



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THE GENUINE BEARS THE TRADE MARK,

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.

In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 24, 1890), with three codicils (two dated Feb. 15 and the other Feb. 22, 1893), of the Right Hon. Mary Anne Baroness Forester, late of 3, Carlton Gardens, and Meaford Hall, Staffordshire, who died on March 7, was proved on June 3 by William Robert Parker Jervis and the Hon. William Monk Jervis, the nephews, and John Charles Salt, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £571,000. The testatrix devises the Mount Rickotts estate, Jamaica, and the Meaford estate, in the county of Stafford, to the use of her nephew, the said William Robert Parker Jervis, for life, with remainder to his eldest son, William Swynfen Whitehall Parker Jervis, for life, with remainder to his sons in succession. Many articles of plate, jewellery, &c., some of historical interest, are made heirlooms to go with Meaford Hall. She bequeaths £120,000 to go with the Meaford Hall estate; and numerous legacies of considerable amount to relatives, executors, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for the establishment of a cottage hospital at or near Wenlock, to be called "The Forester Cottage Hospital," and of a convalescent home at some seaside town or place to be called "The Forester Convalescent Institution," both as memorials of her late husband, Lord Forester.

The will (dated Aug. 24, 1891) of Field-Marshal Lord William Paulet, G.C.B., late of 18, St. James's Square, who died on May 9, was proved on June 3 by the Marquis of

Winchester, the nephew, Lord Sandys, and John James, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £173,000. The testator bequeaths all his personal and movable goods, chattels, and effects, except money and securities for money, to his said nephew; and many legacies of large amount to relatives, housekeeper, valet, and others. The residue of his property he settles upon his said nephew, the Marquis of Winchester.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1870), with two codicils (dated March 15, 1878, and Aug. 22, 1883), of Mr. Robert Edmund Mellersh, late of Godalming, who died on Feb. 4, was proved on June 2 by Mrs. Sarah Ann Mellersh, the widow, and Reinhard Castendieck Sewell, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £194,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to the Incorporated Law Society, to found a prize for clerks articulated in the counties of Surrey or Sussex, or for the sons of solicitors who have resided or practised in either of the said counties; £100 each to the Earlwood Asylum for Idiots, the Royal Hospital for Consumption at Ventnor, the Solicitors' Benevolent Institution (Clifford's Inn), and the Agricultural Benevolent Institution; 19 guineas each to the Benevolent Fund of the Loyal Victory Lodge of Odd-fellows (Godalming), the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Hospital for Consumption (Brompton), the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, the Royal Humane Society, the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Association, the Metropolitan and Provincial Law Association, and the Sussex County Hospital (Brighton); his share in the good-

will of the Godalming Bank to his brother Frederick; his house in Church Street, Godalming, with the furniture and effects, and £500 to his wife; and other legacies, including some to servants, clerks in banks, and labourers on estate. His moiety of the Hambledon estate he devises to his wife, for life or widowhood, then to his son Robert Henry, for life, and then to his children as he shall appoint; and his moiety, estate, and other hereditaments to his wife, for life or widowhood, then to his son Charles Edmund, for life, and then to such persons as he shall appoint. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children, except his son, who succeeds to his share of the Hambledon estate.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1888), with a codicil (dated Nov. 28, 1891), of Mr. Newson Garrett, J.P., late of Alde House, Aldeburg, Suffolk, who died on May 4, was proved on June 1 by Mrs. Louisa Garrett, the widow, and Edmund Garrett, Samuel Garrett, and George Herbert Garrett, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £57,000. The testator gives Alde House, with certain cottages and premises, to his wife, for life, and then to his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson; his furniture, plate, effects, horses, and carriages, 1000 £10 ordinary shares and 500 £10 preference shares in Newson Garrett and Co., Snape, Suffolk, to his wife; 1000 £10 preference shares in the same company to his wife, for life, and at her death distributes them among the members of his family; and various properties are specifically given to each of his children. The residue of

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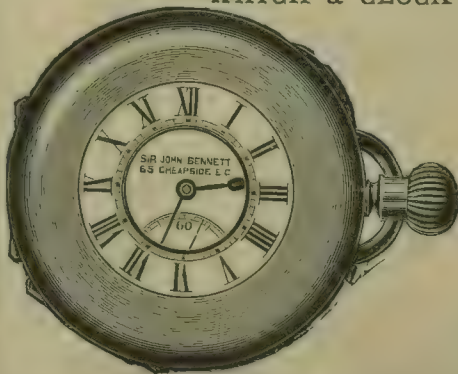
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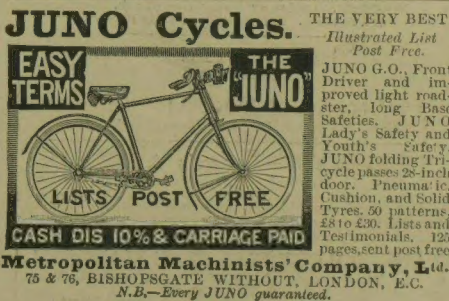
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his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then as to nine tenths for his nine surviving children as tenants in common, and as to one tenth for the children of his late daughter, Louisa Maria Smith.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1889), with a codicil (dated Sept. 28, 1892), of Mr. Jasper Macaulay, late of Leigh Hill House, Cobham, Surrey, who died on March 19, was proved on May 31 by Mrs. Sarah Catherine Macaulay, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £42,000. The testator gives certain of his plate to his wife, for life, and then to his nephew, Robert Helenns Macaulay; the remainder of his plate, all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, £1000, and his freehold residence, Leigh Hill House, to his wife; £1000 each to his sisters Rubina Russell and Emily Sharman Crawford, and his sisters-in-law Charlotte Maria Boyd and Margaret Adelaide Boyd; and £250 each to the Belfast General Hospital and the Belfast Charitable Society. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he bequeaths £10,000

to his brother John; £4000 to his nephew Jasper Cumming; £3000 further to each of his said sisters-in-law; £2000 to his nephew Robert Macaulay; £1000 to the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty for the augmentation of the maintenance of poor livings; and the ultimate residue to Aileen Boyd.

The will (dated March 23, 1886), with three codicils (dated March 29, 1886; March 15 1890; and Feb. 4, 1893), of Mr. Donald Munro Macandrew, formerly of Leith, North Britain, and late of Kilrock, Torquay, who died on April 12, was proved on June 1 by Captain John Lewis Macandrew, the nephew, Henry Augustus Johnston, and Mrs. Agnes Rose Macandrew, the widow, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £34,000. The testator bequeaths £200 and an annuity of £300, in addition to one of the like amount secured to her by her marriage settlement, to his wife; and one or two other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his daughter Catherine Lothian Macandrew.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1889) of Mr. Charles Mortlock, J.P., formerly H.E.I.C.S., late of 9, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington, who died on April 17, was proved on May 31 by Charles Mortlock and Henry Mortlock, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testator leaves all his property to his children in equal shares, but certain advances are to be brought into account.

The will (dated Jan. 29, 1891), with a codicil (dated Oct. 5, 1892), of Mrs. Louisa Power Clutterbuck, formerly of Newark Park, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, and late of Clifton Lodge, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, who died on April 3 at Torquay, was proved on May 25 by John Power Hicks, the brother, and Surgeon-Major Henry Cookson, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testatrix gives legacies to her own and her late husband's relatives, friends, and others; and the residue of her real and personal estate to her cousin, the said Henry Cookson.

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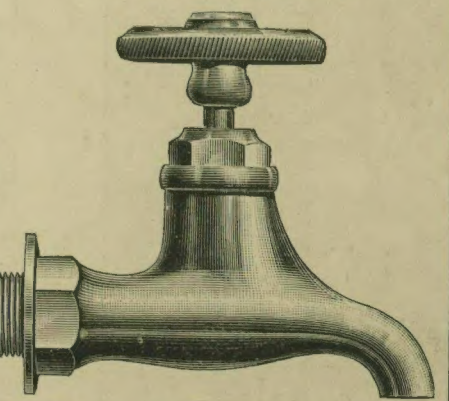
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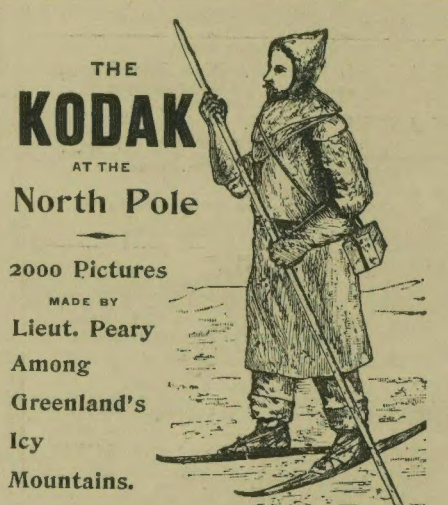
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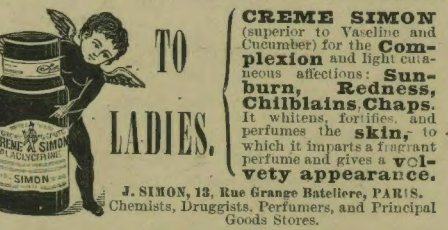
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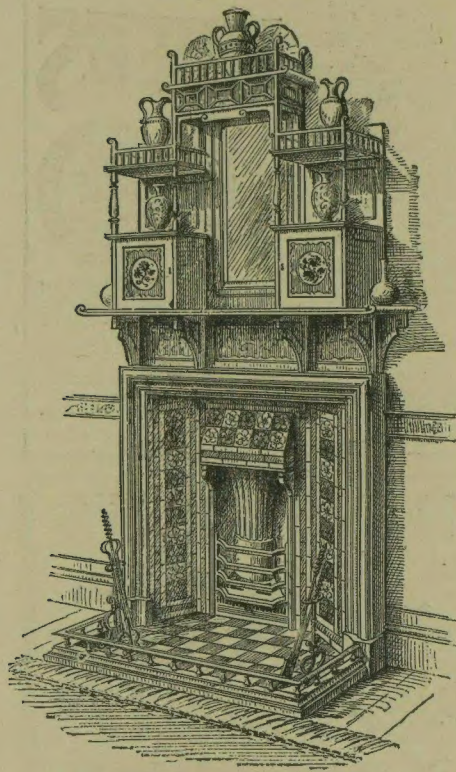
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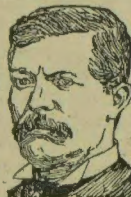
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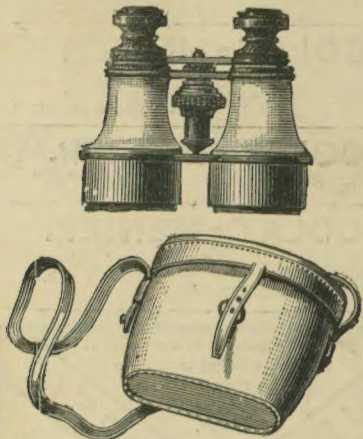
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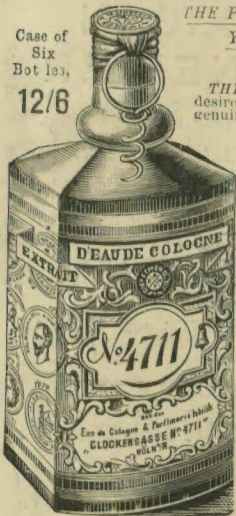
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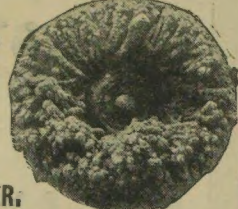
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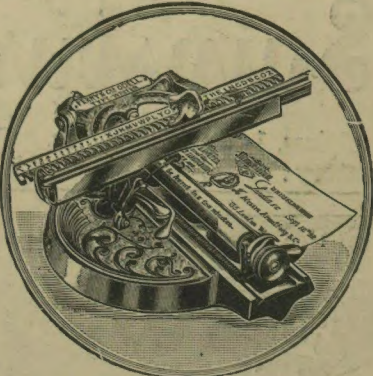
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